The Unknown Captains of Industry—By Paul Latzke

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE DAVID HARUM OF THE CABINET

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Fore River Ship and Engine Company

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Treasurer's Office: 155 Federal Street, Boston

Incorporated Under the Laws of New Jersey

DIRECTORS

THOMAS A. WATSON	President
D. H. ANDREWS	President Boston Bridge Works
CHARLES S. DENNIS	President Dennis & Lovejoy Wharf and Warehouse Co.
JAMES B. DILL	Attorney-at-Law, Author of "Dill on New Jersey Corporations"
GEORGE W. DAVENPORT	Secretary and Treasurer
FRANK O. WELLINGTON	General Manager
HOWARD P. ELWELL	General Superintendent
WILLIAM C. HABBERLEY	Auditor

The Company offers for public subscription **10,000 Shares of Preferred Stock** on the following terms: Preferred stock at $100 per share, and of the 10,000 shares of common stock now in treasury one share will be given as a bonus with every two shares of preferred.

In case of subscription for one share only of preferred stock at $100 per share, a share of common stock will be reserved for 90 days and issued as a bonus if a second share of preferred stock is subscribed for within that time.

The right is reserved to withdraw or reduce the bonus of common stock without notice.

The founders of the business have personally invested over one million dollars in cash in the stock of the Fore River Ship and Engine Co. before the present offering of stock to the public is made.

CAPITALIZATION

Fore River Ship and Engine Co. is capitalized as follows:

Preferred Stock, 20,000 Shares $2,000,000
Common Stock, 20,000 Shares $2,000,000

Par Value of Shares, $100, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

THERE IS NO BONDED INDEBTEDNESS

The preferred stock has a non-cumulative first preference upon the net profits of the Company up to 7 per cent. per annum. In case of liquidation or dissolution of the Company, and distribution of its assets, the Charter provides that $125 per share must be paid to preferred stockholders before anything is paid to holders of the common stock.

The Charter further provides that one-half of all net profits in excess of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock shall be held as a sinking fund which on reaching $100,000 must be applied to redeeming the preferred stock at $125 per share, or at a lower price if so offered by holders to the Company, to such amount as such sum will redeem. For example: when there is $200,000 of net profits over and above the dividend on the preferred stock, $100,000 is applicable to a dividend on the common and $100,000 must be applied to redemption of a portion of the preferred stock.

Of the above $4,000,000 total stock authorized, there is now in the treasury of the Company $1,000,000 preferred and $1,000,000 common.

Prior to the incorporation of this Company in February, 1901, the business had been conducted for seventeen years by Messrs. T. A. Watson and F. O. Wellington as a co-partnership. During the last two years and since the incorporation of the Company, the sum of $1,500,000 cash has been expended on the plant.

There is at present outstanding $1,000,000 of preferred stock and $1,000,000 of common stock issued against a plant which has cost $1,500,000 cash; and the stock now to be sold provides cash for additions to plant and working capital to the amount of $1,000,000.

The provisions of the Charter guarding the investor in this preferred stock are exceedingly strong, being drawn with great care by the highest legal talent. It has a preference not only on the net profits up to 7 per cent., but also upon the assets of the Company in case of distribution.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the Company for five months to January 1, 1902, were $101,574.36 in accordance with the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

The entire $2,000,000 preferred stock requires but $140,000 for its 7 per cent. dividends. The Company earned, at the rate of over $100,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the dividend on the entire $2,000,000 preferred stock, this while construction of the works was under way.

By the operation of the sinking fund the earnings applicable to the common stock will naturally increase, and with the Company earning from $400,000 to $500,000 per annum in the future, which is quite possible with the yard filled with work, it will be seen that owing to the small capitalization the common stock is likely to earn very large dividends in the future.

By the provision that a sum equal to any dividends on the common stock must be used to retire preferred stock, it is probable that the preferred stock will rapidly decrease. As it decreases the common stock will command more of the net earnings of the Company on the small capitalization of $2,000,000.

DIVIDENDS

By the terms of the Charter, semi-annual dividends on the preferred stock are payable on the second Mondays in January and July, out of the earnings of the Company.

In accordance with this provision a dividend on the preferred stock of 3½ per cent. will be paid on July 14, 1902, out of accrued earnings.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AND CONTRACTS

Below is a brief description of the Company's plant, and business and contracts in hand:

REAL ESTATE

78 Acres of Land, Bounded by 1¾ Miles of Water Front

The buildings enumerated here are only the larger buildings comprising the Company's plant. In addition to these there is a large office building and some fifteen other buildings which it is unnecessary to mention in detail. Outside of the plant proper the Company owns a number of dwelling houses and other real estate in Quincy, which produces a substantial income, and this outside real estate is conservatively held as being worth $100,000.

BUILDINGS

Forge,	107 x 200,	21,400 sq. ft.	Woodwork Shop and Mold Loft	(304 x 72) 2 floors,	43,776 sq. ft.	
Annealing Plant	(40 x 40) 2; 43 x 56,	5,008 "	Ship Tool Shop,	390 x 143 "	55,770 "	
Carpenter Shop	(105 x 72) 2 floors,	15,120 "	Machine Shop,	400 x 118		
Store House	(165 x 72) 2 "	32,760 "	Gallery	(400 x 28)		
Pattern Storage	(105 x 72) 2 "	15,120 "	Basement	(288 x 28),	76,224 "	
Power House,	162 x 65,	10,530 "	Ship House,	400 x 325,	159,250 "	
Coal Pockets,	65 x 48,	3,120 "	Ship Carpenter Shop,	50 x 50,	2,500 "	
		103,658 "			337,520 "	

Total area under roof (nearly eleven acres), 441,178 square feet.

The forge in the above list is one of the three large forging plants in this country and Fore River is the only shipyard having a forge capable of the largest work in shipbuilding. This forge is also kept busy on miscellaneous outside work.

Work in Progress in Fore River Yard
April 1, 1902

Battleship — New Jersey. 15,000 tons.
Battleship — Rhode Island. 15,000 tons.
Cruiser — Des Moines.
Torpedo Boat Destroyer — Lawrence.
Torpedo Boat Destroyer — Macdonough.
Seven-Masted Steel Schooner (11,000 tons displacement).
(The largest sailing vessel in the world.)
Forgings for Steamships now being built in other yards.
Steel Bridge, 800 feet long, over Weymouth Fore River.
Seventy-five Sets Forgings for rapid fire guns.
Miscellaneous Structural Work.

The above, with other work in hand, will bring the total amount of contracts up to $8,907,000.

In addition to the above contracts in hand, the Company has tenders under consideration for additional work aggregating several million dollars.

Upon application to the Boston office of the Company, a copy of the Charter of the Company, and an illustrated description of the plant will be sent by mail. Commercial agency and Bank references. Copies of reports made on the property by several eminent engineers and naval experts may be seen on application.

Subscriptions may be made by letter directed to the Fore River Ship and Engine Co., 155 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., or Federal Trust Co., Boston, Mass. Remittances may be made by check, registered letter or money order, payable either to Fore River Ship and Engine Co., or Federal Trust Co. of Boston.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORE RIVER WORKS

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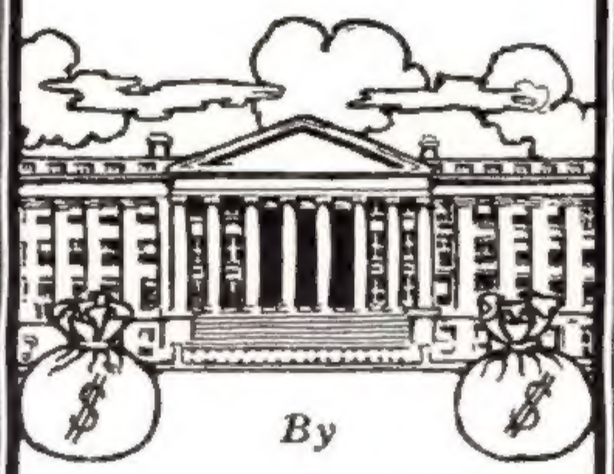

By

Jesse Lynch Williams

I

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has never been thanked for furnishing the nation and its President with Leslie M. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, but there are those who would say that it was the best thing the silver-tongued silver orator ever did for his country in general and its finances in particular.

Still the Methodist Sunday-school superintendent might eventually have felt the call to preach the gospel of sound money — which suddenly started him, in 1896, on the career that has placed him in the Cabinet to-day — even if Bryan had not come to the quiet town of Denison one day, and riled up the quiet country banker with an impassioned plea that drove half the town silver-mad and made this Mr. Shaw shake his head and decide to say something. That is mere idle speculation, and, besides, the story has already been told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Bryan touched the secret spring that started the new man going. But a more important fact is that the new man had been preparing unconsciously, for a good part of half a century, to make that speech, and to become Secretary of the Treasury.

Opportunities enough, in one form or another, come to all of us; it is the man behind the opportunity who makes it look like one; in which it is called, by the envious or cynical, "a fortunate combination of circumstances."

It was as much due to fortunate combinations of circumstances that young Leslie Shaw left his father's home in Vermont in 1869 to go West and grow up with the country, as that he has now come East to grow up with the Government. Only, if he had not been of a restless, energetic disposition he might have remained in Vermont teaching a country school to this day and going to seed at fifty-three.

Maybe it was a fortunate combination of circumstances that on the very day he landed in Mount Vernon, Iowa, looking for a job, he found one husking corn, and that on the day this first job was finished he got another, and that about this time along came a school trustee looking for a man to teach a winter school. But you may be sure that the young stranger must have made a fairly good impression or he would not have got the school, and that he must have been a pretty energetic sort of a young man or he would not have walked the forty miles to the place where the school was, instead of spending money at a livery stable.

Perhaps it was a fortunate combination of circumstances that led the young man to believe that it was worth while to take four years out of his life, just as he was getting well started, in order to get a college education — at Cornell College, back at Mount Vernon, where he got his first job.

Owing to similarly fortunate circumstances he earned his way through college by acting as book agent and selling fruit trees. If he couldn't sell a dozen crab-apple trees to the farmer he showed some books to the wife and daughters. In either case he told a story. Mark that. He had already shown tendencies in this direction; now the tendency was becoming a fixed habit, which he could not break even when the brethren remonstrated with him for his levity a few years ago.

He went to the Des Moines Law School under similar circumstances, received his diploma in 1876, and went to Denison to hang out his shingle. He had been there before selling fruit trees and liked the looks of the place. On one of those trips he had met a young lawyer named Conner. They had taken a fancy to each other and carried on a desultory, young man's correspondence. When Shaw arrived at Denison, "You might get an office in this same building," said Conner. "That's what I mean to do," said Shaw.

A Queer Division of Partnership Duties

Conner was a promising young attorney; his business had been growing; soon it became almost too big to handle alone.

"What's the matter with forming a partnership?" said Shaw. "Would you care to let me in with you?"

"All right," said Conner; "I think I would," and they remained partners ever afterward until Conner became Judge Conner and afterward Representative Conner, as he is now. And it is said that they never had a more serious disagreement than when Shaw said: "Conner, I'm surprised to hear you use such language;" and when Conner, who is not a Sunday-school superintendent, replied: "That's all right, Shaw; you do the praying and I'll do the swearing for the firm; we don't either of us mean what we say"—and even this is untrue, they maintain.

The firm was retained upon one side or the other of nearly every important lawsuit tried in Crawford County, and in a good many outside of the county. "Sometimes I drove ninety miles in one day to try a case," Secretary Shaw told me; "would get up at two o'clock in the morning and get back late at night — changed teams on the way."

"That young man Shaw had a way of pretending not to know much law," an old acquaintance says. "Used to sit there all hunched up with his knees propped against the table, looking inattentive and tearing up little pieces of paper" (he still tears up little pieces of paper, Mr. Cortelyou tells me, in the Cabinet meetings); "then, when the lawyer on the other side had become convinced that he could do about as he pleased with the young fellow and was proceeding to do so, this man Shaw would suddenly spring up, shake his long finger, quote the law and make his opponent look like a beginner. This is an old trick, but I never saw any lawyer who could play it so well."

He was not a good jury lawyer at first; but he hammered away at his job, and by and by he became known as one of the best in that part of the country. This was the drilling, this and the task of keeping Sunday-school children attentive, which were teaching him how to talk in 1896. Now, see how he learned what to say.

He had bought a certain piece of land for $3 an acre; a short time afterward he sold it at $10 an acre. The older citizens began to take notice. "We thought we knew something about buying and selling land," said a certain group of experienced speculators — some of them are living in Denison to-day — "but that ——— young Sunday-school superintendent can teach us tricks already."

The firm branched out into a loan and investment business. The country was new, the rates of interest ten per cent. and more. Young Shaw saw a grand opportunity — a fortunate combination of circumstances. Back in Vermont, among family friends of the Shaws, were one or two capitalists. Shaw invested in a round-trip excursion ticket at the time of a G. A. R. Convention.

"Well," said Shaw, after the capitalists had blandly listened in silence, "you come out there with me and I'll convince you, all right."

Finally, one of them went back with him. Now, it is not stated that Mr. Shaw stopped to introduce him to the prominent citizens, the leading merchants, and directors of the National Bank; but it is known that he hitched up the buggy and drove the stranger about from farm to farm, introducing him to one intelligent, industrious farmer after another. They all knew Shaw and most of them liked him. They had bought trees in their orchards from him. There were books in the parlor he had sold to them, the wills in their safes he had drawn up for them, or their children were in his Sunday-school. Even the Baptists and Congregationalists, and those who considered him too shrewd for comfort, liked to talk to him. He always had a story to tell, and, even better, he always laughed at their own jokes. So they talked to Shaw and his friend from the East.

Each said about the same thing — splendid opportunities, no capital to develop them with, interest ten to twelve per cent. The result of this was that loans to the extent of several millions of Eastern dollars were placed through Conner & Shaw to the great advantage of the borrowers, many of whom are rich and independent to-day as a result.

Farm loans in that locality now pay four-and-one-half or five per cent., and lands that were then worth from $10 to $25 an acre now bring from $50 to $75 an acre. And although the various loans were made to nearly two thousand different persons, not one dollar of the money invested through Mr. Shaw's agency was ever lost, nor was a mortgage ever foreclosed — even in 1893.

Now we see how Shaw the banker acquired his intimate personal knowledge of the relations between Western debtor and Eastern creditor, while Shaw the lawyer was learning how to appeal to his audiences in terms of their own experience, and Shaw the Sunday-school superintendent was learning to elucidate abstract principles by the means of concrete human anecdotes. Meanwhile he was also studying the theory of monetary science. His library is one of the best in that part of the country. But this is merely incidental. Any educated man could read books.

II

"THE David Harum of the Cabinet — as he really is," if it were not so long, might better be the title of this article. For the new Secretary is not, I regret to say, the rural, drawling, country banker so many of the papers have made him out to be, though he does not care in the least if the newspapers prefer to paint him that way. The following anecdote will show why I think he does not care, if I may put myself in:

I went to Washington expecting to find a benevolent-faced old patriarch, wearing top-boots and whittling a stick as he

told the stories that have made him famous. In fact, it was this very picturesqueness that had aroused my interest in the President's new Cabinet officer even more than the example he offered of a career remarkable even for America.

While I was waiting in Assistant-Secretary Ailes' room with the other callers, Congressmen, office-seekers, newspaper correspondents, and Washington visitors from "Ioway" who had "just dropped in to see the Governor," the door suddenly opened, and an alert, clean-cut, energetic-looking gentleman, dressed in a frock coat, with a black bow-tie, stepped briskly out and began going around the room, shaking hands with every one in it. He seemed less than middle-aged despite the scholarly stoop of his shoulders; a "spare" man of medium height, with a good head, thin, well-cut features; an intellectual face it would be called, with keen eyes which saw everything and everybody in the room. Of course, I knew by the way the others looked up that this was Mr. Shaw, and it was with a sense of being cheated that I acknowledged my disappointment in him. He looked much more like some of the men one sees hurrying in and out of downtown sky-scrapers—a corporation lawyer, for instance, with inoffensive short side-whiskers—than like a shuffling farmer. I could see plenty of men like this without going so far from home. My ideal was shattered.

When it came my turn to go inside I told him so.

Along with his smile at the humor of the situation—the easy smile of a man who has none of that absurd fear of losing dignity, which makes so many dignitaries so ludicrous—I could see that he was really rather sorry about it, as if saying, "Now, that's too bad, coming 'way down here and getting disappointed," and he looked as if he were considering what he might do to recompense me. Very likely I imagined some of this, for he was extremely busy that day and doubtless had more important matters to think about, but of one thing I am certain: there was not the slightest trace of self-consciousness in the way he took my remark. If the newspapers wanted to make people think him a David Harum, all right, go ahead; what of it? He didn't care one way or the other. And that showed me there was something like David Harum, after all, in his humorous independence of others' opinions.

If it is worth while to mention it, he dresses a good deal like most of the Secretaries; he wears his frock coat every day now, as well as Sundays, and generally a silk hat—even when he mounts the horse the Government provides him with, as a Cabinet Officer, and rides back to the Arlington at the close of his long day's work. This costume on horseback may worry those who would not approve of his wearing a bow-tie with a frock coat, as he always does, but probably Mr. Shaw likes bow-ties and finds that they do not interfere with the performance of his duties as Secretary of the Treasury of these United States. This may be set down to D. Harumishness, too, if you prefer.

But there was still more of it, of simple, unaffected charm, I mean, in his manner of address and directness of speech, if you can overlook his not being ungrammatical or drawling. I mentioned his coming out into the outer room and shaking hands all around, like the country minister after the benediction is pronounced. This is peculiar to him among the Cabinet officers, so far as I know, and it is not only quaint and interesting, but, moreover, proves an admirably practical way of relieving the office of its daily congestion of visitors, most of whom only want to say a word or two anyway, or to make an appointment for an interview later. It avoids delaying the man who has important business to transact, and it gives the humblest caller assurance that his turn will come.

This high official's handshake is, by the way, no empty formality. Like the President, he does it as though he enjoys it, and with a large, strong hand that squeezes hard. You would not think handling fruit trees could produce such forearm muscles. He would make a good President.

Unlike the President he is not "delighted" to meet you, but while shaking hands looks at you as if determined to see just what kind of a man you are, and very likely succeeds.

The Tale of the Big Bully and His Hat

He tells how he got into this habit of gazing intently into the eyes before him. It was 'way back in the Vermont days when he was teaching school. This is the way he tells it:

"'There was a big bully loafing in the store one day along with a lot of other loafers when a stranger came in. The stranger wanted to sit down. The bully had put his hat on the only vacant chair.

"'Is that your hat?' asked the stranger politely.

"'Yes, it is,' said the bully.

"'Will you please remove it so I can sit down?'

"'Let's see you remove it,' said the bully, looking up.

"Now the stranger was a smaller man than the bully; an older man, too. But he just fastened his eyes on that bully's eyes for a minute and then slowly reached over, still looking hard at the bully's eyes, picked up that hat, reached slowly back—still looking hard at the bully's eyes—dropped the hat into the stove and slowly sat down, all the time never letting go the bully's eyes. The bully blinked a minute, looked at the stove, then at the stranger still gazing at him, and then quietly got up and left.

"The next day the other loafers said: 'What did you let that man back you down for?'

"'Well, now,' says the bully, scratching his head, 'when a man looks at you like that, you can't ever tell what he's thinking of doing to you.'"

The Secretary went on: "Now, when I first began teaching up in Vermont they gave me the toughest school in the neighborhood. Some of the boys were bigger than I was, and they boasted of having made life miserable for all my predecessors. They began with me the very first day; when I called on one of the big boys to spell bucket he spelt 'p-a-i-l' and giggled. This started the rest of the room giggling, too. I saw I'd have my hands full in a minute. I had to do something. I waited for the giggling to stop, then I caught that boy's eyes and we began staring at each other. I didn't know how long he could keep it up, but I knew the whole room was watching us in silence. I didn't say a word till pretty soon the boy blinked and dropped his gaze to the floor. 'Now then,' I remarked quietly, 'you spell bucket.' But there was still some fight in him and he tried to raise his eyes to mine. He got them as high as the top of my desk, and there they stuck. 'Spell bucket!' said I more sternly. He made one more attempt, but his eyes slid down to the top of my desk. 'Bucket!' I shouted in my deepest voice. 'B-u-c-k-e-t, bucket,' he said meekly, and kept on looking at the top of my desk. I didn't have any more trouble with that school."

"But what did the top of the desk have to do with it?" was asked.

"H'm, well, you see I had put a three-quarter-inch hickory stick there to help my eyes out," he replied, chuckling.

There is homely Harumish humor in that last touch.

Like all men who have a permeating sense of humor he cannot stand much in the way of glowing tribute or oratorical bouquets, though I've no doubt he likes and profits by honest appreciation as much as all normal humans. By the same token, he cannot endure the spectacle of overmuch pomposity in other men without feeling a manly yearning to kick them. Therefore he tries not to see it when possible to avoid it. But sometimes he is brought face to face with it.

The Pompous Man Who Nearly Lost His Place

A certain new appointee came hustling into the Treasury Department the other day to pay his respects to his chief and to receive instructions. He was a small man, but so pompous that even the colored doorkeeper had to wink at the white messenger, and they are pretty important-looking themselves. He had a pathetically dignified face, a solemn manner, and the chest of his coat looked as if it were padded with red tape.

"How're?" said the Secretary; "glad to meet you. Sit down and we'll talk things over."

"Mr. Secretary," began the newcomer in a deep Fourth of July orator's voice, "I cannot tell you how unworthy I deem myself of the high honor that has been conferred upon me——"

"That's all right," interrupted the Secretary; "now, I'll tell you what we better take up to start with." There were a dozen men and a woman, a dead Senator's widow, waiting to see him, and he wanted to get through.

But the little man had rehearsed his speech coming down on the Congressional Limited and he wanted to tell all about how unworthy he considered himself and thus get contradicted. He wanted to impress the new Cabinet officer from Iowa with his aplomb. So he tried again, and again the Secretary interrupted, not looking for aplomb this afternoon.

"But, Mr. Secretary, I must express to you, along with my deep appreciation of the honor conferred, my feeling of extreme unworthiness——"

"Um," said the Secretary, hunching his jaw forward and fastening his eyes on the younger man with characteristic intentness; "you've said that now three times; there must be something in it. 'Tisn't too late now to resign if you think you'll make a fixzle of it."

The amazed young man, his face red, his pomposity punctured, made haste to explain that he—er—only meant——

"That's all right," said the Secretary; "I guess you can hold down the job all right if you try. If you can't we'll find out soon enough. Now we'll go on with business."

There is only one instance, that I can discover, of his departing from his characteristic simplicity and directness of expression, and then he made a break, showing that a man can be only one real thing at a time. There was palliation for that departure. It was when he telegraphed his acceptance of the Cabinet portfolio. It is conceivable that he was rattled, not being accustomed to such appointments. Or, perhaps he wanted to show them in Washington that he wasn't so ignorant of Capitol lugs and language as they supposed; probably poked himself in the ribs and said, "Now, do it up brown!"—at any rate he concocted the following telegram: "If it may please Your Excellency, I shall feel honored in accepting your kind offer of the Treasury portfolio." The next day a Philadelphia paper informed him, and the public, that "under no circumstances can the President of the United States be addressed as 'Your Excellency.' The official title of Theodore Roosevelt is 'The President.'"

We may be sure the recipient of the telegram was not much shocked, and I fancy the writer of it did not lose very much sleep over the matter, either; probably laughed and told himself it served him right.

That may be likened to the time the Deacon got ahead of Harum in a horse trade. Now, see how David got even.

While on the way to Washington a few days later he was discovered by some rapacious reporters who had been lying in wait for him, and they besought him to say something. What did he intend to do about the surplus? how many officials of the Department did he think of dismissing? and so on. Now, this new Secretary agreed with the sentiments if not with the language of another Cabinet officer hailing from Iowa, who said, "Until you learn something about your job, keep d——— quiet." So he only smiled and shook his head. So they tried a well-known newspaper trick; they reminded him of the greatness and importance of the position he was about to occupy, and how breathlessly the public, which, after all, he served and which had some rights perhaps, was waiting to hear what he had to say, and similar subtle flattery with which newspaper men frequently succeed in puffing up newly appointed officials until they burst out into speech. But he was still obdurate.

"Why, sir," said the reporter from the paper that had called him down, "anything you are willing to say will be of interest to the people of this broad land; anything at all, sir."

"That so?" asked the new man from the West, beginning to look impressed. "Well, I don't know whether I ought to divulge this or not, but here's something seems of no little importance to the Secretary of the Treasury." The reporters were taking careful mental notes. "You tell the people of this broad land that my health was never better, and that I ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs this morning. Good-morning, gentlemen," and with that he jumped on the train again.

There are those who say his style is more like Lincoln's than any man who has appeared in Washington since the war. He has proved, I may add, a great surprise to those in the Treasury Department who had heard only of his Methodism and opposition to drinking, and who had purchased Bibles for their desks. In fact, in the Department they say he could tell stories all day without stopping if he only had time, but he hasn't, for he is a tremendously hard worker, reaching the office before many of his clerks are out of bed. The second day he was Secretary he arrived so early that the watchman wouldn't let him in.

"What are you doing here?" growled the man at the door.

"I thought I'd go to the Secretary's office, if you please."

"Don't you know nobody arrives this time of day? He's not there yet."

"Well, he ought to be, and that's the reason I want to get in if you'll let me," said the Secretary, handing his card to the astonished doorkeeper.

And he generally keeps at it until long after Martha, the old colored aunty who sweeps and dusts the Secretary's office, has arrived and is waiting patiently in the hall. She is one of the few people in the country who do not approve of the President's choice.

He has always worked this way, he says. "Twenty years ago they told me I was working too hard, couldn't stand it, would get consumption; and they've been telling me so ever since—force of habit on their part, I suppose." He does not bother much about recreation. Men who work their way through college aren't so likely to think about exercise. And when asked what he did with his vacations he looked as though he was going to inquire, "What is a vacation?" but he only said: "Well, I never had one myself since I can remember, except a year ago last summer. I went out to the Yellowstone. I didn't like it. I got to feeling queer. Two days of it was all I wanted."

He is somewhat mistaken about that matter, however, for during his second campaign, when he was making two or three speeches a day and wearing out the robust reporters and committeemen who followed him, he himself remarked at the close of this strain, which often causes nervous prostration, how much refreshed he felt "by his little vacation;" and then, too, he told me he took a day off fifteen years ago for illness.

A New Brand of Watermelon

It is hard to stop the story-telling habit. At one time the brethren in the church out at Denison remonstrated with him about it. "Too much levity," they said. Besides, they were mostly prohibitionists, and some of these still consider Mr. Shaw too liberal, in that he does not vote to prohibit his fellow-men what he denies himself. One day they heard of his illustrating a point in a campaign speech by means of the story of the wicked politician who inoculated a watermelon with a bottle of champagne and invited to the feast several prohibitionist farmers who enjoyed the flavor so much that they slipped the seeds into their pockets for planting purposes. Possibly this story brought matters to a crisis. At any rate, it is said that he tried to curb the evil habit, but it is known that he failed miserably.

The very next Sunday he wanted to make the boys understand how good, wholesome country lads are changed into bad boys in the city. He reiterated that sentiment in generalizations two or three times; but he knew that it was not making any effect. Finally, being desperate, he said:

"I can't help it, but it's very much like the farmer who lived on the Oregon River. This farmer caught a very fine salmon one day, and thought he'd take it in to the city to the

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MEN & MEASURES—By Charles Emory Smith

HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH

IN THE midst of the feverish onrush of the Trusts and Combines they are startled by a storm signal from the President and Attorney-General. There is no more interesting and probably no more important development of the year, whether on the business or the political side. The country sees a tremendous movement, almost a wild infatuation of trade, railroad and industrial combination, some good, some hurtful and dangerous. Congress looks on without knowing what to do beyond what it has already done. The States seem to have exhausted their powers in vain. Everybody is wondering what next, when the President and Attorney-General shoot a rocket and the test begins.

Here is a broad arena where demagogism can play its pranks, where perplexity can wander in its maze, and where statesmanship can find room and verge enough for its highest display. The question of the Trusts and of their possibilities, tendencies and treatment tempts the charlatanism of the jugglers and the Jacobins as it claims the best thought of responsible authority. It is easy to declaim and inveigh and denounce in indiscriminate fashion. A general and sweeping assault on the prevailing movement for combination offers a fine chance for the adventurer in politics and for the malcontent in society. But the rational view paints neither all black nor all white. It neither condemns nor commends unreservedly. It finds lights and shadows; it recognizes advantages and dangers; and without either destroying or giving free rein it would aim to control and regulate.

The Wise Position of Senator Beveridge

The sane judgment both of business benefit and public policy has recently received its most intelligent and ample expression from Senator Beveridge in his discussion of what may be called the Trust issue. The readers of this journal know from his interesting and searching contributions that it is his habit to inform himself thoroughly upon whatever subject he takes up, and to deal with it in a candid, dispassionate and elevated spirit. His treatment of the Trust issue is removed as far as possible from the temper of the demagogue. He searches the truth, wherever it may lead, and seeks to apply its lessons in a practical and effective way.

Pursuing this method he recognizes the principle of combination as an inevitable tendency of our modern growth. Within limitations it has wrought vast public good. No one doubts that the union of small railroads, forming a continuous service, into one great integral system, by which our large trunk lines have developed, has been inestimably advantageous. Senator Beveridge by numerous illustrations shows how it has reduced the cost and shortened the time of transportation. Industrial expansion has in many cases produced similar results. This concentration may be carried so far as to create a monopoly which may prevent competition, limit production and control prices. In such case it becomes a menace and an evil. The problem of statesmanship is not to attempt to destroy the principle of combination which is so inwrought in our modern business methods and which cannot be overthrown, but to govern and regulate its application.

Without pursuing the discussion, which is not the province of this article, enough has been said to suggest the theory which guides the President and Attorney-General in their action. It is not to make war on legitimate combination, but to fight its abuse. It is not that Trusts should be destroyed or forbidden, but that they should be controlled and regulated in the public interest. The Sherman Anti-Trust law, which has this for its object, is on the statute book. It has been largely a dead letter. There has, perhaps, been little occasion until recently for testing it. The President and Attorney-General now propose to see what virtue there is in it.

For this undertaking both have peculiar and remarkable qualifications. The President has conscience and courage in a high degree. In view of the great influences that will be affected and of the combined powers that will be antagonized, it requires courage to enter upon this contest. The virile, impulsive, intense nature of Mr. Roosevelt is just the force to determine and impel the attack. If he were more cautious, timid and undecided, if he had less confidence in his own powers, he might shrink from an encounter with the vast financial interests which will be arrayed on the other side. It needed his eager, daring, restless spirit to challenge the combat. It is such a mental organization that does things, and when it is associated with moral principle and good judgment it is apt to achieve great and lasting results.

If Mr. Roosevelt has just the right temper to give the command, Mr. Knox has just the right training and quality to carry it out. There could not be a better union for the purpose. This is precisely the combine of talent needed to fight the combines of business. It is doubtful if the President could have discovered in all the land a lawyer better fitted for this service than the modest, unassuming, but exceedingly efficient Attorney-General whom he found in the chair when he came in. Mr. Knox knows the corporations through and through. He was not one of the lawyers who framed the organization of the Steel Trust, as has so often been stated, for he was practically out of the service before that giant combination was formed. But he had for years been the remarkably successful attorney of great corporations, and had become an expert in their structure and in the principles of law which govern them.

Beyond that, the texture of his mind is peculiarly suited to this kind of effort. Not showy or demonstrative or ostentatious, he is singularly clear in his perception and firm in his grasp. He goes straight to the marrow of a question, without being diverted by side issues or confused by secondary and subordinate matters. No man excels him in the simple, lucid statement of a case. As Emerson said of Napoleon, he would shorten a straight line to come to a point.

The Tremendous Fee of Secretary Knox

His recognized ability has given him great success in the branch of the profession to which he has specially devoted himself. The story of his association with the late President Harrison in a particular case and of the respective fees has been told, but incorrectly. The true story is interesting and characteristic. Mr. Knox had arranged to spend the summer in Europe. His heart was set on the vacation. A client wanted him to take a case which would require him to abandon his cherished plan. He objected and the client insisted, whereupon he said he would charge a fee that would preclude his employment. Asked to name the amount he named it and the client promptly accepted. The case involved trial at Indianapolis, and General Harrison was retained as associate.

At the conclusion General Harrison suggested that if Mr. Knox didn't mind he would himself arrange with the client for the settlement of his own compensation. Mr. Knox replied that, if General Harrison preferred to do it that way, he had no objection. The rank and prestige of General Harrison as a great lawyer were everywhere recognized. He charged and received $25,000. The fee which Mr. Knox received, and which he had expected to divide had the settlement been left to him, was $100,000. The case involved something like two millions, for which the successful litigant could well afford to pay even this liberal compensation, and it was determined on the principle of law which Mr. Knox brought forward as decisive.

It is this clear perception and sure judgment, united with his knowledge of practical affairs, which give him his strength as a lawyer and which will make him a very dangerous antagonist for the group of skilled and accomplished attorneys that the Trusts will be sure to array against him. His familiarity with the forms of organization and methods of business will arm him for the contest; but, beyond and above that, his grasp of the elemental principle of right and of the broad policy of the law to protect the people in their fundamental safeguards of free competition and natural operations of trade will doubly arm him.

The proceedings against the Northern Securities Company and against the Beef Trust will both have popular approval and sympathy. Nor ought there in reality to be objection in any quarter. The financiers, as well as the country, ought to welcome the trial. If the organization by which two great parallel lines of railroad have been brought under one control is repugnant to the law, the sooner it is known the better for them. All interests, moreover, will be safer in the long run if it shall come to be established and recognized that rich men and corporations must respect and obey the law like all others. If the law shall be found to be inadequate it is well that this should be determined so that its defects can be remedied. For in one way or another protection against arbitrary and oppressive monopoly will be secured, and it is better that it should come through a rational law of regulation than that, by the defiance and defeat of all such effort, popular indignation shall be kindled until it shall sweep on to self-defense through a rude measure of destruction.

The action of the President and Attorney-General is thus likely to prove not only a sound step of public policy, but a shrewd move of political strategy. If it excites criticism in a few interested quarters it will evoke applause and support throughout the country. It will largely disarm and emasculate the Trust issue. It will be impossible to organize a vague, shadowy and indefinite outcry in the face of a distinct and visible movement along practical lines. And if the President shall succeed not only in checking a wild and excessive tendency toward combination, not only in restraining the restraint of trade, but in neutralizing one of the most dangerous political possibilities of the time, he will prove himself a masterful leader.

The Atrocities in the Philippines

With recent developments he will find occasion for like sharp, bold, strong action in dealing with the conduct of the war in the Philippines. Any hesitation, indecision or weakness at this juncture might seriously compromise the position of the Administration and of its party. These qualities are so foreign to the nature of the President and so unlike all he has done thus far that no approach to them may be expected.

The desultory reports of the water-cure and other severities practiced by some of the minor officers in their difficult campaign against a savage and elusive foe in the jungles of lower Luzon and Samar had grated on the sensibilities of the country, when the open avowal of General Jacob Smith's order to kill and burn and to make a howling wilderness of Samar came to crystallize and intensify the feeling of disquietude. Such a proclamation of a crusade of extermination was abhorrent to the just sense of the American people. It gave new vitality to those who oppose the policy of the Government, and it brought concern to those who support it.

The disclosure of this order was promptly followed by intelligence that the last rebel leader in Samar had surrendered. That appeared to mark the practical end of armed insurrection. The last smouldering embers of trouble in Luzon, Panay and Negros had seemingly been extinguished. The only threatening spark that remained was the issue with the Moros, and there were assurances that diplomacy would, to a great extent, subdue that menace. The opponents of the Administration naturally seized upon General Smith's order and turned it to immediate and effective account. The Philippine debate was already on in the Senate, and this revelation added fuel to the fire. The minority attacked and prodded and harried the friends of the Administration, who were crippled for the time being by their desire to hasten action without prolonging debate, by their lack of knowledge of the exact facts, and by their unwillingness to pronounce judgment until they could do it intelligently and authoritatively. In such a case the advantage is with the attacking party. It is irresponsible and unrestrained. It can strike boldly and even recklessly. It matters not, so far as tactical movement is concerned, whether later developments shall sustain its declarations or not; it can make the momentary impression and deal with the further chapters as they come.

A Great Republican Opportunity Lost

There was but one way of promptly and effectively meeting the situation thus presented. That was to disavow and repudiate General Smith's ruthless order; to denounce its terms and its policy; to declare that the United States did not and would not wage war against any foe, whether savage or otherwise, in its spirit; and to proclaim in the name of the American Government and people that they would not tolerate and would not allow themselves to be misinterpreted or compromised by an act which they unequivocally condemn. Was not an opportunity missed when some one of the acknowledged Republican leaders failed to speak that earnest and emphatic word? Senator Lodge or Spooner or Foraker could have done it in a powerful and convincing way. It will yet be done, possibly before these words appear; but if it had been done instantly and decisively it would have spiked the guns of opposition.

Probably the Senators did not assume the duty because they left it for the President to act in his own way and time. After all, the ultimate responsibility is with him. He will practically determine the attitude of the Government and the position of his party in Congress and out of it, and there is no reason to doubt that he will do it in an unmistakable manner. It is for him to speak and act at the appropriate hour in a way that will save the Government from reproach, that will relieve it from all share of responsibility for an odious and indefensible proceeding, and that will vindicate and justify its policy. It requires care and discrimination, but it does not permit doubt. He will see to it that the American soldiers, who as a body represent the American people as a body, shall not be involved in undeserved obloquy. He will make it clear that a single exceptional act does not reflect the spirit and conduct of the army. He will render it plain that the army is not to be paralyzed by weakness and want of support, but is to be backed and upheld in its legitimate work. And he will give the country and the world to understand that our Government, even in war with a misled people, stands for civilization, humanity and progress.

THE LAST RUN IN—By Samuel Merwin

Joint Author with H. K. Webster of Calumet "K"

—RECITING SHAKESPEARE AND BOBBIE BURNS

SOME men on the stock exchange were buying a railroad, and everywhere but on the Great Lakes there was excitement. Captain Kelburn had seen something of it in the latest newspaper that had come into his hands, but a man who must sail a three-hundred-and-eighty-foot steamer from Chicago to Buffalo and back—fifteen hundred miles of lee shore and intricate channels, with never sea-room to avoid the one or a pilot to help with the others—cannot bother about stock exchanges.

But on Thanksgiving Eve, after the Mukwonago had pushed her high prow, coated thick and white with Lake Erie ice, into the harbor at Buffalo, and the Captain had gone home, he heard the news from his son John, who had been out of work since the burning of the James B. Green at the Alpena wharf fire. A great transfer had taken place in the railway world: the M. & M. Line of steamers had been bought up to play a part in the new transcontinental combination. There was talk of a revolution in the Company—"modern methods" in the office, "new blood" in the Line—engines to be overhauled or replaced, and a new schedule to begin in the spring—contracts already let for two new steamers, to be the largest on the Lakes. So the talk ran on, as the old and the young sailor smoked their pipes by the kitchen stove; and the Captain, who could not by any reckoning, with his gray-streaked sandy hair, and his brown old face, a wrinkle ground into it for every week of the forty-five years that he had passed on the Lakes, be classed with "new blood," listened soberly.

This was Wednesday evening; on Friday morning the rumors were confirmed. And every man on the Line, from chief navigator to stoker, that could be reached by wire, learned how quickly a well-organized syndicate can move. A new manager took the desk at Chicago, and a great financier joined him to organize the work. Captain Kelburn was curtly ordered, by telegram, to engage a mate and bring the Mukwonago around to Chicago at once, after which his resignation would be accepted. Murfin, his former mate, was to wait at Buffalo for further orders. Every one else on the steamer was anxious excepting old Willie McRae, the first engineer. The best engineer on the Lakes had no cause to worry, for sane men do not talk of young blood in the engine-room; and the old Scotchman went on rubbing up the bright work, and reciting Shakespeare and Bobbie Burns to the oiler, and talking of the clever young Stevenson lad, and patronizing the new management as he had always patronized the old.

The orders were peremptory: the Captain was ready. "Johnny," he said, when his son came down to the wharf Friday noon, "go up and get your things. I want you for mate."

"When do we start?" asked John.

"Any time after two."

In twenty minutes John was back. He shook hands with McRae, who eyed him suspiciously. The old engineer had boundless contempt for even the appearance of favoritism; he would not permit his own son to work on the same line. The second mate was named MacMillan, a red-haired, undersized man, who opened his acquaintance with young Kelburn by confiding his fears of losing his place.

The last of the cargo was lowered into the hold, the "dock-wallopers" clambered back to the wharf, and the Mukwonago swung out, headed across the harbor, passed between the piers, and plunged her nose into the yellow, pitching sea outside. It was a gray day, with scudding clouds in the sky and an ugly sea ahead. Where the spray fell on rail or deck or stay, a layer of ice remained. And through that afternoon, as Kelburn paced the bridge, his coat buttoned to his chin, and his sou'wester hat pulled down to keep the spray from his neck, the wind never slackened, except to give way to a fiercer puff.

After forty-five years of it a man is not disturbed by a little November weather—a man that has lived on it and breathed it into his lungs and slept through it for so long that he remembers little else—and it was not the long glance about the black horizon, as he came from his stateroom at six o'clock to take the bridge for the fore watch, that brought the heavy, sober look into the Captain's eyes. He ran up the slippery, swaying steps with a lightness and spring that belied the wrinkles on his face, as if to convince himself that the spring was still there. He nodded to John, glanced at the compass, and laid his hands on the bridge rail, looking out ahead, while John went down to his supper. With every revolution of the screw, with every toss of spray from the blunt bows, the Captain was a few yards nearer the end of his last run. And to look out there into the night and see it coming steadily on, cutting off minute by minute the last three days of those forty-five years of service, was the hardest thing he had ever had to do.

John saw it, and felt with him; but they were neither of them given to talking, and so he said nothing, but made his way aft over the glassy, rolling deck to his supper. Then he went to bed, for he must take the watch again at midnight. But at ten o'clock he was awakened by the lookout of the fore watch, who hammered on the door of his stateroom and hardly gave him time to draw on his clothes before dragging him out. And then, when he reached the deck, he found the old Captain lying at the foot of the bridge ladder with MacMillan bending over him, swearing sympathetically.

Nothing could be done before the return of the men who had gone for the Captain's mattress. He lay on the deck, silent except when he told John that his leg was broken. A deck hand stood by with a lantern, steadying himself by an iron stay as his boots slipped on the deck. The yellow light danced over the kneeling group, glistening on their ice-covered coats and sou'westers, and playing over the deck. Two dim figures came lurching into the light with the mattress; and all together they got the Captain to his berth.

Young Kelburn and MacMillan returned to the bridge. The second mate was talkative, and he eagerly shouted out the story of the accident as they mounted the ladder. Only scattered phrases reached Kelburn's ears over the drive and rush of the wind and the plunging roar of the waves. "He was standing here—I see him from the wheelhouse—tried to catch the rail—foot went out so—done all I could——" His manner irritated Kelburn, and he turned away to consult the chart in the wheelhouse. He did not want to talk about it. He felt the responsibility that had fallen on his shoulders. This steamer, this three hundred and eighty feet of steel-encased energy, this throbbing, almost human thing beneath his feet, was his to govern or misgovern. More than once he had stood on the bridge of the old Green with a storm ahead and water in the hold, but then there had always been another, somewhere within call, to take the blame, if there was to be any blame.

In three minutes every man on the ship knew of the accident; and signs of nervousness followed the news as it sped to the berths of the watch below or down to the grimy, red-lighted stokers. Willie McRae shook his head over his valves and levers, and told the oiler he needn't expect to see land again this trip until she took it bows on. The oiler nodded ominously, and then thought perhaps he should have taken it as a joke; but the engineer growled on. And young Kelburn, as he paced the bridge, peering out into the west where the white-crested waves and the sky alike blended into blackness, did not know that the wheelsman was watching him closely, that the lookout now and then turned around and felt reassured when he saw the indistinct figure quietly walking to and fro. But McRae was wrong, for in the morning they worked up the Detroit River as neatly as the Captain himself could have done it, and landed at the city without so much as scratching the paint.

When Kelburn had seen his father settled in the hospital, and had hurried back to the steamer, he found McRae waiting for him in the doorway of the after deck house. Kelburn knew the old Scotchman well enough by reputation, and had not been looking for an easy run. The M. & M. engineers were not directly answerable to their captains excepting in the actual business of navigating the ship, but to the chief engineer of the Line at Chicago. And the man that was responsible for the engine could frequently make it uncomfortable for the man who was responsible for the rest of the ship. Kelburn had too much on his mind to be bothered with misunderstandings, so he merely nodded a good-morning. But McRae stopped him.

"Wait a bit, young man," he said, with all his urbanity and self-respect on the surface; "wait a bit. What are the orders?"

"Orders!" Kelburn repeated, glancing shortly at him. He *had* sent a message, but he was in no frame of mind to say so. Moreover, he had no notion of tying up at Detroit to wait for a reply; with but three days left before the close of navigation for the winter there was little time to lose. The last thing the Captain had said, as John stood by his cot in the hospital, had been: "Make a good run of it, Johnny. The insurance ain't in force after the first, you know." And so now he turned away, mounted the bridge and rang for steam, leaving McRae to stare after him, a grim, grizzled figure, a-tremble with rage and ruffled dignity.

The moment had come. It had been awaited with relish, with nervousness, or with eagerness by every one on the ship but Kelburn. The engine-room bell had tinkled, but the smoke was still rolling peacefully off astern from the two black-and-white funnels, the screw was motionless. The wheelsman cast an anxious glance at Kelburn, who was standing at the end of the bridge with his hand on the bell-pull. He had bet five dollars on this moment with the first oiler. The lookout—he was the stakeholder—glanced hastily around at his friend in the wheelhouse, but finding Kelburn's eyes upon him he turned as hastily back. Again the hand came up, and again the bell tinkled. Still the engine was motionless. If Kelburn should hesitate now he was lost. He stood for a moment longer, waiting for the engine to start; then in sharp tones he ordered the deck hands to cast off the bow-line. A car ferryboat was cutting across their path, and he sounded a warning blast on the big whistle over McRae's head. The line was hauled aboard now, and the bow was beginning to drift away from the wharf in the current. And then, for the third time, the bell rang—not with a tinkle now, but with a jerk that taxed the wire. There was one more anxious moment for the wheelsman and the lookout, then a slow rumble ran through the ship, and a splash sounded from the stern as the screw turned slowly over. Another blast from the whistle, and they were heading out into the current toward Belle Isle; and Kelburn, who had the river and Lake St. Clair channels charted like print in his head, once he was above Detroit, was too closely occupied getting his ship through them to realize that the first skirmish of the fight was over, and that he had won it.

He threaded his way into Lake St. Clair, through the Ship Canal in the Flats and the St. Clair River, and pushed out into Lake Huron. The wind was steadily rising. It was one of those relentless winds the Lakes know so well, that rush down from the northwest in a day-to-day crescendo and finally burst out into a fitful, intermittent hurricane that snatches up lumber piles from exposed wharves and drives luckless schooners into the sand, and tries the nerve and eye of the steamboatmen. But the course now lay along the western shore, and they were in a measure sheltered from it. As it was, there was little that was agreeable in it for men that had no time to think of the savage wildness, the mad roar of the wind, as it whistled through the rigging and scoured the frozen deck. It brought sleet with it, and small, hard flakes of snow that added a sting to the slap of the spray. The ship labored and groaned, and burrowed her nose into the waves with a quiver and a shock, then lifted it up and plunged forward, throwing off the clinging waves with an angry toss. Kelburn and MacMillan took their moments of sleep when they could; and back in the engine-room McRae emerged only occasionally from his injured silence to mutter evil prophecies. The oilers were sullen, the stokers ugly. Only the forward section of the crew—the wheelsmen, lookouts and deck hands, who were placed where they could see the big-shouldered figure that seldom left the bridge, but paced up and down, or paused to give an order to the wheelsman—were in a reasonably cheerful frame of mind. All the way up the coast, except when they were knocking about in the sea off Saginaw Bay, they could see the low shore-line a few miles to windward; for Kelburn was holding the Mukwonago as close to the shore as he dared, in order to make up in advance some of the time he expected to lose when once they should have swung around into Lake Michigan. This checked their progress somewhat, and it was night when, after the Thunder Bay light, with its white flash every ninety seconds, had fallen astern, a fixed light on the port bow told Kelburn that he was passing Presque Isle, and that the time had come to change the course from north to northwest for the run up to Bois Blanc Island. Now the ship was pointing up into the wind, and for a while it was hard going, but as they drew nearer and nearer to the Straits the sea lessened, until at last, far along in the night, the comparatively quiet sea, as well as the fixed light of Poe Reef dead ahead and the red and white flash of Spectacle Reef on the starboard bow, told Kelburn that the island was

near at hand; and swinging around to the west, leaving both lights to starboard, the Mukwonago passed into the South Channel.

In the morning they ran out into Lake Michigan, and then the fighting began. There was to be little more leaving the bridge for Kelburn. What with a roaring sea, a lee shore, and a long chain of islands to work past, his hands were full; but he knew the course, and he knew that he could take her through. The day spun along, and the Mukwonago was pitching about like a surfboat. As she came down farther and farther into the wind, the scattered flakes of snow that had been falling for twenty-four hours began to thicken. They whirled about the wheelhouse and pelted the glass until the wheelsman was obliged to lower the window in order to see the flagstaff at the bow. With the snow came more wind, and with the wind more snow. It was plain enough that there was to be no letting up until the storm had had its fling. They were passing South Manitou Island now, the last of the chain, and an open course lay ahead to Chicago. But Kelburn did not like the way the wind was blowing. The snow too, had it been only a flurry, would have meant nothing, but this was a general storm; there had been the same promise of snow on Lake Huron, two hundred miles away. He had been brought up among careful sailors, whose two rules of life had been: first, make the run on time; but, second, never lose the steamer. He had no mind to leave the Mukwonago, as the Calumet and her consorts had been left in the Thanksgiving storm of '86, to go to pieces on the Grosse Pointe reef, not twenty miles from the Chicago harbor. He thought it over for half an hour while they were passing Sleeping Bear Point, and finally, when the ship was pitching so that he could hardly keep his feet, and the wheelsman was leaning out and peering forward anxiously to make out his course through the flying snow, he decided to run into the harbor at Frankfort. And, as running in between the piers of a narrow channel through a cross surf is not a matter to be taken lightly, he called up the engineer through the tube, and said:

"Please put on more steam, Mr. McRae. I am going to put in at Frankfort."

Now, it may be that this is what the engineer would have decided on himself had the decision rested with him; but as the matter stood he merely grunted an unintelligible reply, coolly surveyed sea and sky from the after cabin doorway, and decided to do nothing of the sort. In a few moments he was again called to the tube.

"Mr. McRae, please put on more steam," was the short command.

"I can't do it," growled McRae. "I'm overworking her now. It wouldn't be safe."

Kelburn snapped the tube shut and returned to the bridge. The engineer had fallen back on his prerogative: there was nothing more to be said. Kelburn decided to make the attempt without McRae's help; and if the wind should not increase too much during the hour he thought he could do it.

But half an hour later a burst of wind came sweeping down the Lake. It brought a blast of cold that cut Kelburn to the bone, muffled as he was in his heavy jacket. The waves came pounding aboard with force enough to stave in any but steel bulwarks; and in the snow that followed the shore was shut from sight as if a curtain had been drawn. The wheelsman shouted through his window as Kelburn passed it:

"Dakota weather, this."

Kelburn nodded.

"Shall I head in, sir?"

The question was shouted boldly enough, but the wheelsman was watching Kelburn's face narrowly and anxiously.

Kelburn shook his head. "No," he replied; "head out."

The man looked relieved as his eyes sought the compass. To make Frankfort harbor it would have been necessary to run in within two hundred yards of the shore before the Mukwonago could enter the channel. Had they made the attempt, and failed—and Kelburn knew what a tangle of shifting, uncharted currents there would be in the surf—she would have been swept down on the beach to the south. And so she came slowly around, and, almost in the trough of the sea, pointed across the lake toward Sheboygan, to get what advantage might be found along the weather-shore.

Ten minutes later there was a slight lull, and the wheelsman called out:

"Just as well we didn't try it, sir. There's the William Jackson pounding herself to pieces."

Kelburn glanced back. The shore was dimly visible now through the haze of the storm, and he could see the round, white sand-hills looming up behind and above the line of surf. Lying helplessly on her side, apparently almost on the beach, was a small steamer. He could see, with his glass, that the self-righting lifeboat was putting out from the harbor.

—WITH MACMILLAN BENDING OVER HIM, SWEARING SYMPATHETICALLY

"Runs out of Menominee with lumber," added the wheelsman. Kelburn went down for a cup of coffee, but shortly returned. During the rest of the day they fought their way along, and on into the night. Toward midnight the ship was caught in a bad sea, and one of the boats was carried away, but she righted in splendid fashion and plowed steadily forward. Before she reached the west shore the wind seemed to have veered slightly to the north, so that they found themselves little better off for the change of course.

At two in the morning there was a snap somewhere amidships. A hundred feet of steel rope rattled toward the stern; the wheel spun around with a jerk that threw the wheelsman back against his bench. The tiller rope had parted, and the ship fell slowly off and pitched about like a log in the trough of the sea. MacMillan was in the wheelhouse at the time, and Kelburn at the end of the bridge, watching through his glass for the Sheboygan light. The second mate stood stupefied for a moment, then, with wild eyes, he glared at the wheelsman, and began the elaborate process of exhausting his vocabulary. The wheelsman took it silently, looking about him as if he did not quite understand what had happened. Kelburn stepped quickly to the door, and was met by MacMillan.

"Here's a —— of a fix!" were the mate's first words; and he turned again on the wheelsman, who, with no distinct notion of what he was doing, was examining the useless wheel. Kelburn saw quickly enough what had happened.

"Mr. MacMillan," he said sharply, "please take the bridge. You"—to the wheelsman—"call the deck hands and come aft. Move fast!"

He hurried out and descended the ladder; and MacMillan, who was not yet through swearing, looked after him, then meekly went out to his station. The men followed Kelburn as rapidly as the slippery deck would permit; and under his quick directions they freed the tiller from its chains, and throwing all their weight on it slowly brought the ship around to her course.

All Kelburn knew was that it was the worst night he had ever spent on the Lakes. He passed Milwaukee without even seeing the lights, and without suspecting the fate of the Père Marquette No. 14, with wheat and passengers. She had tried to make the harbor, had failed, had anchored in the surf, and finally had dragged to the beach, where, perhaps at the moment the Mukwonago was passing ten miles out, her passengers and crew were being hauled ashore in the breeches-buoy. Through the dark hours of the morning the deck hands wrestled with the long tiller; Kelburn with them whenever he could leave the bridge, to keep their spirits up by his example. At other times MacMillan went aft, and accomplished something of the same result by his profanity. Kelburn held her well out, to avoid the reefs between Waukegan and Evanston. At daybreak they were off Grosse Pointe, and faintly over the noise of ship and sea they could hear the wailing blasts of the fog-horn. The snow had slackened at intervals during the night, and an hour after sunrise it stopped, showing a clear horizon on three sides and a low, snow-white shoreline to the westward.

By the time they reached the four-mile crib, passing well outside of it, the men were nearly exhausted. The steward had been sending back hot coffee at short intervals since midnight, and Kelburn had called out the fore watch and relieved the steering gang every hour. Now he went up to the bridge and took a long look around. The sky and the water were alike a sullen lead color, the one rushing with clouds that gave no sign of a change, the other throwing its waves madly over the two cribs and the Government piers. A steamer, with two coal barges in tow, had got into trouble far to the southward, toward Jackson Park. Through his glass he could see two harbor tugs hovering near, watching for a chance to assist the life-savers. The sea was as unpromising as ever, for at this end of the Lake there were nearly three hundred miles of open water behind the wind that was trying to drive the Mukwonago down on the sand-flats to the southward. He could expect little more of his crew. They were willing, but he did not know how much longer they could hold out if he should put back into the Lake to wait for better weather. Had it been in June he might have chanced it, but at the end

(Concluded on Page 16)

The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By PAUL LATZKE

MR. DUANE H. CHURCH, the man who made it possible to sell American watches in Geneva."

A simple enough introduction, but it made the Prince stare. And well it might. Talk of carrying coals to New Castle? That was a comparatively simple thing beside the achievement of this Captain, whose ingenuity had made it possible to beat the Swiss watchmakers on their own ground.

Mr. Church is the mechanical superintendent of the American Watch Company, at Waltham, Massachusetts. He arrived at the Waltham Works in 1882, and since that time he has invented and put into operation more remarkable labor-saving machinery than any other dozen men in the world. Yet he has remained practically unknown to the American people, for whom he has built up one of their most important industries.

He reduced the cost of making a watch fifty per cent., and increased its efficiency, finish and mechanical perfection two hundred per cent. He made it possible to increase the wages of the three thousand hands employed in the watch works from twenty-five to fifty per cent., at the same time that he cut down the cost of production. This was made possible by the fact that his machines, thanks to their automatic exactness, use only about one-half as much material as the hand workers required, and turn out three watches where the hand process turned out one. It would take a good-sized volume to describe, even in part, the wonderful things that Mr. Church's machines do. In Waltham they call him the "Great American Tool-maker," and if patents of nobility were granted, the city would make him a Duke at the very least.

Mr. Church was trained as a watchmaker at St. Paul, whither he went from his birthplace at Hamilton, New York. He didn't develop into a machine-maker until he went to Waltham, and the incident that sent him there is particularly interesting, because it marks an epoch in the American watch-making industry. He had grown tired of stooping over a bench all day and concluded that he needed a change. Casting about, he saw in the life of a commercial traveler more satisfaction and fun than in any other pursuit that offered. Being a good watchmaker and having confidence in himself, he saw no reason why he couldn't make a good watch-salesman. This much settled in his own mind, he presented himself to the Western agent of the American Watch Company in Chicago and asked for a position.

MR. D. H. CHURCH

"Ever sell watches?" the agent inquired.

"No, but I've made lots of them."

"Well, there is something more than that required in men whom we put out as salesmen. But if you're a good watchmaker and can talk, I will start you in as a missionary."

Mr. Church wanted to know what a missionary was, scenting in the office something religious. He was told that a missionary was a person who went ahead of the salesman, demonstrating to the dealers of the country the good qualities of the watches made by the concern that employed him—the thing called "demonstrating" when the merchandise to be sold consists of beef tea or a new kind of soap or the latest brand of cocoa. The watchmaker said he would try it and started out. A month later he returned to the Chicago headquarters and turned in his resignation.

"Don't you like the work?" asked the agent.

"Oh, I'd like it well enough if I didn't have to make misrepresentations."

"What do you mean?" demanded the agent.

"Your old watches are no good, and I am tired of trying to make people believe they are when I know the contrary."

"No good? Maybe you could make better ones."

"Well, if I couldn't I shouldn't think I was much of a watchmaker," replied Church, ignoring the sarcasm.

The agent, who owed his position to the fact that he was a very observing, wide-awake person, looked his caller over more closely, asked him some more questions, and then said:

"If you think you can make a better watch than we can, you are the man we are looking for. Come around here to-morrow and show me what you can do, and if you come up to promise it may result in something interesting."

It didn't take Mr. Church very long to show what he could do, and with such good effect that the agent sent him to the home works at Waltham with a letter that commended him to the very careful attention of the management. He was asked to look over the works and soon made so many valuable suggestions that he was put in charge of the mechanical department. His improvements followed with such rapidity that the company made him a handsome offer under which he shared in the profits, and he has remained there ever since, working from twelve to fifteen hours a day, though he is an invalid and is often forced to pursue his labors in his bedroom.

The Man Who Would Study Astronomy

The achievement that made John A. Brashaer one of the company of Captains is in some respects like that of Mr. Church. As Mr. Church made it possible to sell American watches in Geneva, so Mr. Brashaer has made it possible to sell American telescopes and other scientific instruments in France. He started life as a machinist's apprentice in Pittsburg, where he went from Brownsville, Pennsylvania, his birthplace. It had been his ambition, even as a small boy, to become an astronomer. But his parents were poor people, and astronomy, as a money-making pursuit, is not promising. Being endowed with much common-sense, he therefore went earnestly at the work in hand, and learned all there was to be learned about the making of engines and machinery. His hours after work, however, he gave to the study of the stars, and as the means were denied him to buy a telescope, he applied his mechanical talents to building one. Across the river from Pittsburg was the Allegheny Observatory, of which Professor S. P. Langley, now of the Smithsonian Institution, was in charge. The boy looked longingly at this observatory, but it was some time before he could pluck up his courage sufficiently to approach its directors. When, however, he had worked out the plans of his telescope to the minutest detail, he made bold to call on Professor Langley.

MR. J. A. BRASHAER

"I have here," he said to the Professor, "the plan for a telescope which I want to build, and if it is not asking too much I would like to know if you think it is all right."

Professor Langley was interested. "Where did you get this idea?" he asked.

"I worked it out according to my own plans."

"Well, sir, it strikes me as a very good thing, and if you can make it according to your plans I think it will be successful."

Now the making of a telescope, as those who know will tell you, is a mighty fine piece of work even for the expert, but young Brashaer accomplished it. He could devote only his spare hours to it, and so it took him three years, but in the end the instrument was a complete success, and won the approval of the head of the Observatory. Inspired by Professor Langley's commendation, Brashaer set himself to work on a more ambitious task still. The telescope he had finished had a five-inch aperture. He now began one with an aperture of twelve inches. Notwithstanding his application to telescope building and astronomy, he had made steady progress in the shops on which he depended for his living. He had been advanced steadily until now he was superintendent, with means sufficient to build for himself a little workshop in his back yard, equipped with fair tools. His wife was his enthusiastic assistant, and between them they finished the twelve-inch telescope in two years. It worked perfectly, but alas! just as he had finally set it for use, the lens on which so much effort had been applied was broken. To some this would have been a calamity. To Brashaer it was a stimulant. He started it again, and having the benefit of his former experience it took only a month to replace the loss.

When Professor Langley examined the instrument he was struck with its rare excellence, and said:

"Look here, Brashaer, you are a telescope maker of rare ability, and should make the most of your talent. Why don't you leave the mill and go into the business regularly?"

It is a serious thing for a man to throw over the pursuit on which he has for years depended for income, and which has yielded him distinct success. Brashaer hesitated. But two things happened at this time to help him make his choice. First, his health broke down. Working hard all day in the mills and spending the nights in star-gazing finally proved too much for his constitution, robust as it was. The time had come when he must abandon one or the other. Then Mrs. Brashaer threw the weight of her influence against the mills. She joined with Professor Langley in urging her husband to resign his position as superintendent and go regularly into the making of astronomical instruments.

After long deliberation he yielded. Professor Langley gave him a commission to make a set of instruments, and introduced him to William Shaw, a Pittsburg millionaire who was devoted to science. Mr. Shaw took a deep interest in the work of the young astronomer and gave him financial assistance, thanks to which the little workshop was enlarged and improved machinery added. Shortly thereafter Mr. Brashaer obtained his first important commission, the building of the great Lick Observatory spectroscope. This cemented his success, and other important orders followed in rapid succession, until the workshop in the back yard proved entirely inadequate. A new place was secured, and out of this has grown what is to-day known as the great John A. Brashaer Company Laboratories, which turn out the most accurate and important astronomical instruments in the world, and produce besides many other lines of scientific apparatus which require the greatest accuracy. There is hardly an important scientific institution on the globe which has not among its equipment some Brashaer instruments. Out of this laboratory came the first spectrophotoheliograph which photographs automatically the surface and surroundings of the sun. It was epoch-making in the science of solar photography.

A Builder of Marvelous Engines

Touching elbows with Mr. Brashaer was a Captain of Industry whose works are as gigantic and powerful as those of the astronomer are delicate and refined. He was Edwin Reynolds, builder and designer of the largest stationary steam engines in the world. In the spring of 1847 Mr. Reynolds, then a boy of sixteen, was plowing on a farm near Mansfield, Connecticut. He had been born in Mansfield, and as the family was large and the income slim the lad was early apprenticed to the farmer in whose field he was working.

MR. E. REYNOLDS

Just as he was making a sharp turn the boy saw a man climbing over the fence that inclosed the field. Being a polite young person, he stopped and waited for the stranger to approach.

"You're one of the Reynolds boys, aren't you?" the man asked when he was within hailing distance.

"Yes."

"How would you like to throw up farming and become a machinist? I have got a machine-shop near here, and need an apprentice. I have heard about you, heard that you are not afraid of work, and I'd like to have you come."

The proposition came as a complete surprise to the boy, but even at that age he possessed the quality to which he owes much of his present success—the ability to make up his mind quickly and act on his conclusion. Nothing in the world had been further from his thoughts than becoming a machinist, but reviewing the matter he concluded it would be a fine thing to have a trade, and he told the man so.

Not long afterward the boy began the work which was later to make him famous throughout the industrial world. His wages were to be thirty dollars a year and board. Progress even with the brightest was comparatively slow in those days, and though he advanced faster than most lads, becoming foreman of the machine-shop in which he started even before the expiration of his apprenticeship, it was not until 1867, when he was thirty-six years old, that he got his real start.

In that year, George H. Corliss, the famous engine-maker, engaged him as engineer and salesman. In this larger field Reynolds' ability found better scope, and he was advanced until, in the latter part of 1871, he was made General Superintendent of the Corliss Engine Works, at Providence.

The Corliss engines, as then perfected, were the wonder of the age, though in the light of present development they were very primitive indeed. Their average speed was about forty or fifty revolutions per minute, and it was only in very exceptional cases that the works turned out a machine under a guarantee of seventy-five or eighty revolutions. This maximum satisfied everybody until one day there came a representative of the Trenton Iron Company who said that his concern wanted a five hundred horse-power engine which could be guaranteed to run at a speed of one hundred and sixty revolutions a minute.

Mr. Reynolds had given such a good account of himself as General Superintendent that the management of the works had been practically turned over to him, and he had full authority to make such contracts for the delivery of engines as he saw fit. Without consulting anybody, therefore, he entered into preliminary negotiations with the Trenton man. Utterly unheard-of as this person's demands were, Mr. Reynolds, with sublime confidence, agreed to turn out the engine desired and booked the order. When, in due course, the matter came to Mr. Corliss, that gentleman exclaimed to heaven against what he called such a "daredevil piece of engineering." To contract for an engine that was guaranteed to run at more than double the highest speed ever before attempted he considered sheer madness. When Mr. Reynolds persisted that it could be done, Mr. Corliss jumped up from his chair and, wringing his hands, exclaimed:

"I wash my hands absolutely of any and all responsibility in the matter, Mr. Reynolds. You can have all the credit and discredit that comes of attempting to do such a fool piece of engineering."

Success with an Impossibility

And from this attitude the head of the firm refused to be moved, declining even to look at the drawings that were prepared for the new engine that was to be built on the Corliss design with such changes as Mr. Reynolds deemed essential to secure the desired results. During the entire period of construction everybody of influence connected with the establishment prophesied failure. Most men would have been worried half to death with such a burden of responsibility. The sum involved was large, and, more important even than this, on success or failure depended the reputation of the "daredevil" mechanical engineer, which he had worked so hard to establish.

But Mr. Reynolds was satisfied that he was right, and instead of worrying he pushed the work. The outcome was all that he expected. Not alone did the engine come up to the requirements but it exceeded them.

Fourteen years after the machine had been delivered, and when he had long forgotten the incident, he received a letter inclosing an indicator diagram on which was printed the following memorandum:

> Diagram taken from 20¼"x42" Corliss Engine, built for Trenton Iron Company. Engine has been running fourteen years at a speed of 160 rev. per min.

The result had been made possible by the substitution of a new valve gear which, known as the hook gear, has endured until the present time.

In 1877 Mr. Reynolds entered the firm of Edward P. Allis & Co., of Milwaukee, becoming General Manager and Superintendent. This concern afterward absorbed a number of other large enterprises and became the Allis-Chalmers Company, of which he is the directing head. He has supplied most of the large stationary engines in the country where enormous horse-power has been required. Recently his works finished eight engines for the new electric equipment of the elevated road in New York. Each of these machines has a capacity of eight thousand horse-power. Mr. Reynolds also built a pump which holds the world's record. It was installed in the city of Minneapolis fourteen years ago and is capable of handling 500,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

He has accomplished many extraordinary engineering feats besides having set a new standard in the matter of revolutions each minute.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Paul Latzke's series of articles on Unknown Captains of Industry. Others will appear from time to time. They tell of the achievements of some of the men who have contributed most to America's commercial preeminence.

The Safe Expert's Story

By E. A. Strauss

ALTHOUGH many strange experiences come to the professional safe-opener, no calls are more exciting than those which summon him to liberate persons accidentally imprisoned in vaults and safes which are supposed to be air-tight.

Though the safe expert may be confident of his ability speedily to open the big steel door, he can never be quite sure that suffocation or fright, or both combined, may not overcome the vitality of the prisoner before the release is accomplished. Consequently he does this kind of work under great strain, feeling that a human life is at stake.

Once I received a frantic call to hurry to a building some fifteen blocks from my office.

"Bring all your tools and a man," panted the messenger who came to summon me. "A little boy has shut himself in the air-tight vault and his mother is wild. If he can't be got out dead or alive in short order she'll go crazy."

We made the trip across the business portion of Chicago as fast as the horses could be driven. Dodging in at a side door we ran up the stairway and into the office to which our informant led the way. Pushing through the crowd which had gathered in the hallway, I saw a sight which will remain in mind with terrible distinctness while memory lasts. There was the mother of the imprisoned boy, literally throwing herself against the door of the vault and trying to scratch it open with her finger-nails. Her eyes were wild with excitement, and it was plain that she could not long endure the mental stress under which she was suffering.

Calling upon some one to restrain her so as not to interfere with rapid work on the safe, I made a hasty examination of the condition of things. In the frantic attempts which had been made to work the combination, the lock had been so effectively set that the only way to open the door with speed and certainty was by drilling and picking. No sooner had my drill penetrated to the interior of the lock than the mother became the victim of a new fear—a terror that I would use dynamite or some other explosive and that her boy would be killed by the shock of the discharge. Her cries and entreaties rang in my ears as I inserted wires in the holes which had been drilled.

There was one breathless instant before the bolts yielded to the manipulation. As I drew the doors open the frantic mother leaped into the vault before us and gathered the little fellow in her arms.

He was unconscious and had fallen flat upon the floor of the vault. But the fact that he was panting like a spent rabbit told that he would speedily recover. No doubt it seemed to the mother that hours had dragged by since work began upon the vault door, but as a matter of fact precisely three minutes and no more passed from the time when my hand touched the vault door until the lock was turned. And the rescue was effected in fifteen minutes from the time the messenger's summons was received. As we passed out of the building we met the little boy's father hurrying to the rescue. He was the only person attached to the office who knew the combination of the lock. The accident had happened while the mother and boy were waiting for him to return.

The Safe Expert's Perilous Work

Altogether the most hazardous demand made upon the expert is to open a safe which has been attacked by burglars who have been driven or frightened away before completing their work. There is no way safely to determine whether the cracksman has left behind him any undischarged explosives. Safe openers who are recognized leaders in their profession are always too busy to undertake tasks of this kind. More than one man, however, has attempted to follow in the wake of the cracksman, and suffered well-nigh fatal consequences.

At the moment I recall a man who undertook to open a safe which had been deserted by disturbed cracksmen. The first blow from the expert's hammer discharged the explosives which had dropped into the interior of the safe door. The explosion was terrific and the flying door carried away the man's leg.

The most difficult safes to open are those owned by jewelers, blacksmiths and professional machinists. This is accounted for by the fact that these men will insist upon oiling and cleaning the delicate mechanism of the locks themselves, instead of calling in an expert. Many of them even attempt to make their own repairs with invariably disastrous results.

NOW SPRING COMES UP THE WORLD, SWEETHEART

By Bliss Carman

NOW spring comes up the world, sweetheart,
What shall we find to do?
The hills grow purple in the rain,
The sea is gold and blue:

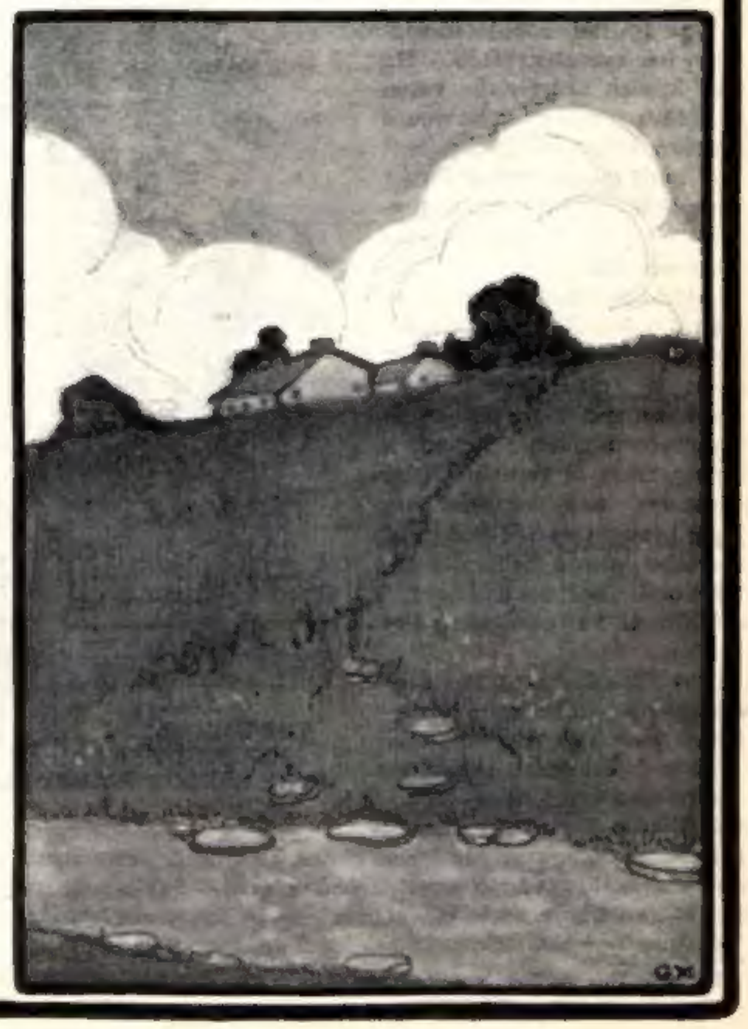
The door is open to the sun,
The window to the sky;
The odor of the cherry bough,
A freighted dream, goes by:

The spruces tell the southwest wind
Where the white windflowers are:
The brooks are babbling in the dusk
To one great yellow star:

In all the April-colored land,
Where glints and murmurs stray,
There's not a being that draws breath
But will go mad to-day—

Go mad with piercing ecstasy,
Afoot, afloat, awing,
And wild with all the aching sweet
Delirium of spring.

Now April fills the world, sweetheart,
There's not a thing to do
But to be happy all night long,
Then glad the whole day through.



Conjuror's House—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail, Etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE day rose and flooded the land with its fuller life. All through the settlement the Post Indians and half-breeds set about their tasks. Some aided Sarnier with his caulking of the coast bateaux; some worked in the fields; some mended or constructed in the different shops. At eight o'clock the bell rang again, and they ate breakfast. Then a group of seven, armed with muzzle-loading "trade-guns" bound in brass, set out for the marshes in hopes of geese. For the flight was arriving, and the Hudson's Bay man knows very well the flavor of goose-flesh, smoked, salted and barreled.

Now the *voyageurs* began to stroll into the sun. They were men of leisure. Picturesque, handsome, careless, debonair, they wandered back and forth smoking their cigarettes, exhibiting their finery. Indian women, wrinkled and careworn, plodded patiently about on various business. Indian girls, full of fun and mischief, drifted here and there in arm-locked groups of a dozen, smiling, whispering among themselves, ready to collapse toward a common centre of giggles if addressed by one of the numerous woods-dandies. Indian men stalked singly, indifferent, stolid. Indian children of all sizes and degrees of nakedness darted back and forth playing strange games. The sound of many voices rose across the air.

Once the voices modulated, when McDonald, the Chief Trader, walked rapidly from the barracks building to the trading-store; and once they died entirely into a hush of awe when Galen Albret himself appeared on the broad veranda of the Factory. He stood for a moment—bulked broad and black against the whitewash—his hands clasped behind him, gazing abstractedly toward the distant Bay. Then he turned into the house to some mysterious and weighty business of his own. The hubbub at once broke out again.

Now about the mouth of the long picketed lane leading to the massive trading-store gathered a silent group, bearing packs. These were Indians from the more immediate vicinity, desirous of trading their skins. After a moment McDonald appeared in the doorway, one hundred feet away, and raised his hand. Two of the savages, and two only, trotted down the narrow picket lane, their packs on their shoulders.

McDonald ushered them into a big square room where the bales were undone and spread abroad. Deftly, silently the Trader sorted the furs; placing to one side or the other the "primes," "seconds" and "thirds" of each species. For a moment he calculated. Then he stepped to a post whereon hung long strings of pierced wooden counters, worn smooth by use. Swiftly he told the strings over. To one of the Indians he gave one with these words:

"Mu-hi-kun, my brother, here be pelts to the value of two hundred 'beaver.' Behold a string, then, of two hundred 'castors,' and in addition I give my brother one fathom of tobacco."

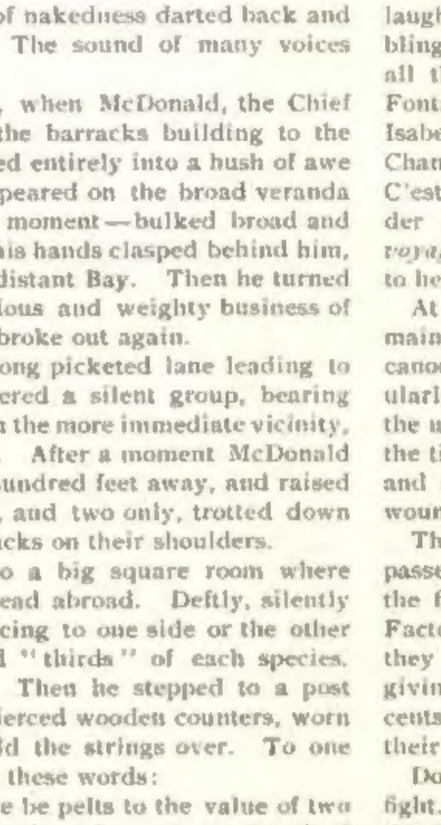
The Indian calculated rapidly, his eye abstracted. He had known exactly the value of his catch and what he would receive for it in "castors," but had hoped for a larger "present," by which the premium on the standard price is measured.

"Ah hâh," he exclaimed finally, and stepped to one side.

"Sak-we-su, my brother," went on McDonald, "here be pelts to the value of three hundred 'beaver.' Behold a string, then, of three hundred 'castors,' and because you have brought so fine a skin of the otter, also a fathom of tobacco and a half-sack of flour."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian.

The Trader led them to stairs, up which they clambered to where Davis, the Assistant Trader, kept store. There—barred from the airy loft filled with bright calicoes, sashes, pails, guns, blankets, cloths and other ornamental and useful things by a heavy wooden grill—Sak-we-su and Mu-hi-kun made their choice, trading in the worn wooden "castors" on the string. So much flour they took, so much tea, so much sugar and powder and lead, so much in clothing. Thus were their simple needs supplied for the year to come. Then the remainder they squandered in all sorts of useless things—beads, silks, sashes, bright handkerchiefs, mirrors. And when the last wooden "castor" was in they went downstairs and out the picket lane, carrying their lighter purchases, but leaving the larger as "debt," to be called for when needed. Two of their companions mounted the stairs as they descended; and two more passed them in the narrow picket lane. So the trade went on.



THE SAVAGES . . TROTTED DOWN THE NARROW PICKET LANE

At once Sak-we-su and Mu-hi-kun were surrounded. In detail they told what they had done. Then in greater detail their friends told them what they would have done, until after five minutes of bewildering advice the disconsolate pair would have been only too glad to have exchanged everything—if it had been allowed.

Now the bell rang again. It was "smoke-time." Every one quit work for a half-hour. The sun climbed higher in the heavens. The laughing crews of idlers sprawled in the warmth, gambling, telling stories, singing. Then one might have heard all the picturesque songs of the far North—A la Claire Fontaine; Ma Boule Roulant; Par derrièr' chez-mon Père; Isabeau s'y promène; P'tite Jeanneton; Luron, lurette; Chante, Rossingol, Chante; the ever popular Malbrouck; C'est la belle Françoise; Alouette; or the beautiful and tender La Violette Dandine. They had good voices, these *voyageurs*, with the French artistic instinct, and it was fine to hear them.

At noon the squaws set out to gather canoe gum on the mainland. They sat huddled in the bottom of their old leaky canoe, reaching far over the sides to dip their paddles, irregularly placed, silent, mysterious. They did not paddle with the unison of the men, but each jabbed a little short stroke as the time suited her, so that always some paddles were rising and some falling. Into the distance thus they flapped like wounded birds; then rounded a bend, and were gone.

The sun swung over and down the slope. Dinner-time had passed; "smoke-time" had come again. Squaws brought the first white fish of the season to the kitchen door of the Factory, and Matthews raised the hand of horror at the price they asked. Finally he bought six of three pounds each, giving in exchange tea to the approximate value of twelve cents. The Indian women went away secretly pleased over their bargain.

Down by the Indian camp suddenly broke the roar of a dog fight. Two of the sledge *giddès* had come to teeth, and the friends of both were assisting the cause. The idlers went to see, laughing, shouting, running impromptu races. They sat on their haunches and cheered ironically, and made small bets, and encouraged the frantic old squaw hags who, at imminent risk, were trying to disintegrate the snarling, rolling mass. Over in the high log stockade, wherein the Company's sledge animals were confined, other wolf-dogs howled mournfully, desolated at missing the fun.

And always the sun swung lower and lower toward the West, until finally the long Northern twilight fell, and the girl in the little white bedroom at the Factory bathed her face for the hundredth time and whispered to her beating heart:

"Night has come!"

CHAPTER XII

THAT evening at dinner Virginia studied her father's face again. She saw now the square settled line of the jaw under the beard, the unwavering frown of the heavy eyebrows, the unblinking purpose of the cavernous, mysterious eyes. Never had she felt herself very close to this silent man, even in his moments of affectionate expansion. Now a gulf divided them.

And yet, strangely enough, she experienced no revulsion, no horror, no recoil even. He had merely become more aloof, more incomprehensible; his purposes vaster, less susceptible to the grasp of such as she. There may have been some truth in this feeling, or it may have been merely the reflex glow of a joy that made all other things seem insignificant.

As soon as might be after the meal Virginia slipped away, carrying the rifle, the cartridges, the matches and the salt.

The night was providentially dark. No aurora threw its splendor across the dome, and only a few rare stars peeped between the light cirrus clouds. Virginia left behind her the buildings of the Post, she passed in safety the tin-steepled chapel and the church house; there remained only the Indian camp between her and the woods trail. At once the dogs began to bark and howl, the *giddès* lifting their pointed noses to the sky. The girl hurried on, swinging far to the right through the grass. To her relief, the camp did not respond to the summons. An old crone or so appeared in the flap of a teepee, eyes dazzled, to throw uselessly a billet of wood or a volley of Cree abuse at the animals nearest. In a moment Virginia entered the trail.

—SHE BEGAN TO PADDLE STRAIGHT FROM THE SHORE

Here was no light at all. She had to proceed circumspectly, feeling with her moccasins for the beaten pathway, to which she returned with infinite caution whenever she trod on grass or leaves. Though her sight was thus dulled, her hearing was not. A thousand scurrying noises swirled about her, a multitude of squeaks, whistles, snorts, and whines attested that she disturbed the forest creatures at their varied businesses; and underneath spoke an apparent dozen of terrifying voices which were in reality only the winds and the trees. Virginia knew that these things were not dangerous, that daylight would show them to be only deer-mice, hares, weasels, bats and owls; nevertheless they had their effect. For about her was cloying velvet blackness—not the closed-in blackness of a room where one feels the influence of the four walls, but the blackness of infinite space through which sweep mysterious currents of air. After a long time she turned sharp to the left. After a long time more she perceived a faint opalescent glimmer in the distance ahead. This she knew to be the river.

She felt her way onward, still cautiously; then she choked back a scream and dropped her burden with a clatter to the ground. A dark figure had risen mysteriously at her side.

"Pardon me," said Ned Trent in guarded tones; "I heard you coming. I thought you could hear me."

He picked up the fallen articles, running his hands over them rapidly.

"Good," he whispered. "I got some moccasins to-day—traded a few things I had in my pockets for them."

"Have you a canoe?" she asked.

"Yes—here on the beach."

He preceded her down the few remaining yards of the trail. She followed, already a little desolated at the thought of parting, for the wilderness was very big. The bulk of the man partially blotted out the lucent spot where the river was—now his arm, now his head, now the breadth of his shoulders. This silhouette of him was dear to her, the sound of his movements, the faint stir of his breathing borne to her on the light breeze. Virginia's tender heart almost overflowed with sentiment and longing and fear for him.

They emerged on a little slope and at once pushed the canoe into the current. She took his hand for a moment, and sank to her place facing him. He spurned lightly the shore, and so they were adrift.

In a moment they seemed to be floating on a vast vapor of night, infinitely remote from anywhere, surrounded by the silence that might have been before a world's beginning. A faint splash could have been a muskrat near at hand or a caribou far away. The paddle rose and dipped with a faint *swish, swish*, and the steersman's twist of it was taken up by the man's strong wrist so it did not click against the gunwale; the bow of the craft divided the waters with a murmuring so faint as to seem but the echo of a silence. Neither

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spoke. Virginia watched him, her heart too full for words, watched the full swing of his strong shoulders, the balance of his body at the hips, the poise of his head against the dull sky. In a moment more the parting would have to come. She dreaded it, and yet she looked forward to it with an almost hungry joy. Then he would say what she had seen in his eyes; then he would speak; then she would hear the words that should comfort her in the days of waiting. For a woman lives much for the present, and the moment's word is an important thing

The man swung his paddle steadily, throwing into the strokes a wanton exuberance that showed how high his spirits ran. After a time, when they were well out from the shore he cried aloud with delight

"Ah, you don't know how happy I am," said he. "You don't know! To be free, to play the game, to match my wits against theirs—ah, that is life! I am so glad to get away!"

"I am sorry to see you go," she murmured; "very sorry. The days will be full of terror until I know you are safe."

"Oh, yes," he answered; "but I'll get there, and I shall tell it all to you at Quebec—at Quebec in August! It will be a brave tale! You will be there—surely?"

"Yes," said the girl softly; "I will be there—surely."

"Good! Feel the wind on your cheek? It is from the Southland, whither I am going. I have ventured—and I have not lost! It is something not to lose when one has ventured against many. They have my goods—but I——"

"You?" repeated Virginia as he hesitated.

"Ah, I go not back empty-handed," he cried. Her heart stood still, then leaped in anticipation of what he would say. Her soul hungered for the words, the words that should not only comfort her, but should be to her the excuse for many things. She saw him—shadowy, graceful against the dim gray of the river and sky—lean ever so slightly toward her. But then he straightened again to his paddle, and contented himself with repeating merely: "Quebec—in August, then."

The canoe grated. Ned Trent with an exclamation drove his paddle into the clay.

"Lucky the bottom is soft here," said he; "I did not realize we were so close ashore."

He drew the canoe up on the shelving beach, helped Virginia out, took his rifle and so stood ready to depart.

"Leave the canoe just where we got in," he advised; "it is around the point, you see, and that may fool 'em a little."

"You are going," she said dully. Then she came close to him and looked up at him with her wonderful eyes. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said he.

Was this to be all? Had he nothing more to say? Was the word to lack, the word she needed so much? She had given herself unreservedly into this man's hands, and at parting he had no more to say to her than "Good-by." Virginia's eyes were tearful, but she would not let him see that. She felt that her heart would break.

"Well, good-by," he said again after a moment, which he had spent inspecting the heavens. "Ah, you don't *know* what it is to be free! By to-morrow morning I shall be half way to the Mattagami. I can hardly wait to see it, for then I am safe! And then next day—why, next day they won't know which of a dozen ways I've gone!" He was full of the future, man-fashion.

He took her hands, leaned over, and lightly kissed her on the mouth.

Instantly Virginia became wildly and unreasonably angry. She could not have told herself why, but it was the lack of the word she had wanted so much, the pain of feeling that he could go like that, the disappointment of a longing that had grown stronger than she had even yet realized.

Instinctively she leaped into the canoe, sending it spinning from the bank.

"Ah, you had no right to do that!" she cried. "I gave you no right!"

Then, without trying to distinguish what he was saying, she began to paddle straight from the shore, weeping bitterly, her face upraised, her hair in her eyes, and the tears coursing unheeded down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIII

SLOWER and slower her paddle dipped, lower and lower hung her head, faster and faster flowed her tears. The instinctive recoil, the passionate disappointment had gone. In the bitterness of her spirit she knew not what she thought, except that she would give her soul to see him again, to feel the touch of his lips once more. For she could not make herself believe that this would ever come to pass. He had gone, like a phantom, like a dream, and the waters of life had closed over him showing no sign. He had vanished, and at once she seemed to know that the episode was finished. The canoe whispered against the soft clay bottom. She had arrived, though how the crossing had been made she could not guess. Slowly and sorrowfully she disembarked. Languidly she drew the light craft beyond the stream's eager fingers. Then her forces at an end, she huddled down on the ground and gave herself up to sorrow.

The life of the forest went on as though she were not there. A dog-owl far off said hurriedly his [illegible], as though he had the message to deliver and wanted to finish the task. A small owl near at hand cried, *kee-kee-ah*, with the intonation of a tin horn. Across the river a lynx screamed, and was answered at once by the ululations of wolves. On the island the *grildes* howled defiance. Then from above, ever spiritual, floated the whistle of shore birds arriving from the south. Close by sounded a rustle of leaves, a sharp squeak—a tragedy had been consummated, and the fierce little mink stared malevolently across the ends of his victim at the motionless figure on the beach.

Virginia drowned in grief knew of none of these things. She was seeing again the clear brown face of the stranger, his curly brown hair, his steel eyes, and the swing of his graceful figure. Now he fronted the wondering *voyageurs*, one foot raised against the bow of the brigade canoe; now he stood straight and tall against the light of the sitting-room door; now he passed in the darkness, singing gayly the *chanson de route*. But more fondly she saw him as he swept his hat to the ground on discovering her by the guns, as he bent his passionate eyes on her in the dim lamplight of their first interview, as he tossed his hat aloft in the air when he had understood that she would be in Quebec. She hugged these visions to her and wept over them softly, for she was now sure she should never see him again.

THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE BUSHES LEAPED DARK FIGURES. THE STILL NIGHT WAS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF A VIOLENT SCUFFLE

And she heard his voice, now laughing, now scornful, now mocking, now angry, now rich and solemn with feeling. He flouted the people, he turned the shafts of his irony on her father, he laughed at Louis Placide awakened from his sleep, he sang, he told her of the land of desolation, he pleaded. She could hear him saying her name—although he had never said it—in low, tender tones, "Virginia! Virginia!" over and over, as though his soul were crying through his lips. Then, somehow, in a manner not to be comprehended, it was borne in on her consciousness that he was indeed near her, and that he was indeed calling her name. And at once she made him out, standing dripping on the beach. A moment later she was in his arms.

"Ah!" he cried in gladness; "you are here!"

He crushed her hungrily to him, unmindful of his wet clothes, kissing her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her chin, even the fragrant corner of her throat exposed by the collar of her gown. She did not struggle.

"Oh!" she murmured; "my dear, my dear! Why did you come back? Why did you come?"

"Why did I come?" he repeated passionately. "Why did I come? Can you ask that? How could I help but come? You must have known I would come. Surely you must have known! I came to get the right. I came to get your promise, your kisses, to hear you say the word, to get you! I thought you understood. It was all so clear to me. I thought you knew. That was why I was so glad to go, so eager to get away that I could not even realize I was parting from you—so I could the sooner reach Quebec—reach you! Don't you see how I felt? All this present was merely something to get over, to pass by, to put behind us until we got to Quebec in August. I looked forward so eagerly to that. I was so anxious to get away. I was so desirous of hastening on to the time when things could be *sure!* Don't you understand?"

"Yes, I think I do," replied the girl.

"And I thought, of course, you knew. I should not have kissed you otherwise."

"How could I know?" she sighed. "You said nothing, and, oh, I *wanted* so to hear!"

And, singularly enough, he said nothing now, but they stood facing each other hand to hand, while the great vibrant life they were touching so closely filled their hearts and eyes, and left them faint. So they stood for hours or for seconds, they could not tell, spirit-hushed, ecstatic. The girl first knew that they must part.

"You must go," she whispered brokenly at last. "I do not want you to, but you must."

She smiled up at him with trembling lips that whispered to her soul that she must be brave.

"Now go," she nerved herself to say, releasing her hands.

"Tell me," he commanded.

"What?" she asked.

"What I most want to hear."

"I can tell you many things," said she slowly, "but I do not know which of them you want to hear. Ah, Ned, I can tell you that you have come into a girl's life to make her very happy and very, very much afraid. And that is a solemn thing, is it not?"

"Yes," said he.

"And I can tell you that never can this be undone. That is a solemn thing, too, is it not?"

"Yes," said he.

"And that according as you treat her this girl will believe or not believe in the goodness of all men or the badness of all men. Ah, Ned, a woman's heart is fragile, and mine is in your keeping."

The man held both her hands, looking down on her. Then he replied solemnly:

"Virginia," said he, "as I deal with you, may God deal with me."

"Ah, that is as I like you," she cried aloud. "My own brave knight! I can wish you God speed now."

She raised her lips and he kissed them reverently.

"Good-by," she murmured.

He turned away and ran down the beach to the canoe.

"Good-by, good-by," she murmured again under her breath; "ah, good-by! I love you! Oh, I do love you!"

Then suddenly from the bushes leaped dark figures. The still night was broken by the sound of a violent scuffle—blows—a fall. Then she heard Ned Trent's voice addressing her from the *mêlée*:

"Go back at once!" he commanded clearly and steadily. "You can do no good. I order you to go home before they search the woods!"

But she crouched in dazed terror, her pupils wide to the dim light. She saw them bind him, and stand waiting; she saw a canoe glide out of the darkness; she saw the occupants of the canoe disembark; she saw them exhibit her little rifle, and heard them explain in Cree that they had followed the man swimming. Then she knew that the cause was lost, and fled as swiftly as she could through the forest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ Even Congress would not investigate a trust that raised wages every time it raised prices.

¶ This year's feminine headgear is as usual—last year's styles run over by trolleys and things.

¶ Amid the tempest of news and the headline's bright glare it may be observed that General Miles is still there.

¶ The great American hog is bothering more now about the high price of corn than he is about the high tariff of Germany.

¶ In this wireless and horseless and muleless age we should not forget that one of our greatest needs is a smokeless smoking-car.

¶ General Palma wants all American prisoners released before he becomes President of Cuba. What is the matter? Is he short of politicians?

¶ It is not only right but mandatory that people should regard the accused as innocent until proven guilty. The trouble is that they don't and won't

¶ The poor Steel Trust has just found a new plan by which it will save ten million dollars annually. Please pass it around. The rest of us would like to try it.

¶ The United States Senator who recently addressed the Senate three days on one topic has no complaint to make of his audience. He himself was the audience.

¶ The North Atlantic Squadron has been ordered to play the game of war during certain weeks in May. Whether or not it is something like ping-pong is not stated, but it is quite certain that it has no loops in it.

¶ General Frederick Funston can appreciate the sentiments of the Irish gentleman who addressed various words to a bull and suddenly found himself over the fence. "It's a foine thing I had me fun first," he said, as he picked himself up and retired.

¶ The boy who wants to do things must not only be around when things are happening, but he must make things happen. And the only force that will make things happen is thought. The product of thought is ideas, and the market value of a good idea is a fortune. Honest work is worth a good salary, but honest work plus good ideas is worth an interest in the business.

Don't Play with Dynamite

A FEW weeks ago a well-known broker "observed with pleasure" that the outsiders who had been scared out of the Wall Street circus by the premature explosion of the Northern Pacific fireworks were coming back to watch the pin-wheels go round. Hardly were his words in type before "L. & N.," a kind old Carlo of a stock hitherto regarded as safe and tractable in the ring, began to jump and growl and snap at things.

Happily, this time it was a case of dog eat dog. Gates took a bite out of Belmont, liked the taste, and was only deterred from eating him up on the spot by a wholesome fear that a full portion might prove too big a contract for his digestion. Then came the developments in "Power" and the "Webb-Meyer" stocks—enough to give pause to the silliest and woolliest lamb that ever wobbled away from the fold, and turn him back to the rocks and short grass of the home pasture.

Wall Street has its uses, and they are vital to the business of the country. But Wall Street has its abuses, too, and the chiefest of these, speculation in stocks on margin, with its attendant evils of manipulation and inflation, has been, is, and always will be a menace to national confidence and general prosperity. Good times are here and to stay, we hope, but the way to keep them is not to speculate in them Disaster springs from two sources: not enough confidence and too much confidence. Between these lie conservatism and safety.

Speculation is dangerous, even to the veteran; to the amateur it is dynamite. Sometimes you can play with high explosives, burn a stick of dynamite or drop it on the floor, and nothing unpleasant will happen. But keep on playing pitch and toss with it, and your remains won't be worth an inquest. Whom the gods would destroy, be they clerks, cashiers or country capitalists, they let in on the ground floor and straightway send an earthquake

Beyond doubt the difficulty of obtaining safe, paying investments for small sums has led many people, flushed with good times, into Wall Street with their savings. Those who are there to buy stocks on margin should get out. Those who are thinking of speculating should be tied up. Investigate and then invest. Small savings belong in a house, a lot, a mortgage, a good local enterprise, a gilt-edge stock or bond, a savings-bank, or even in a stocking shoved between the bedticks, rather than in a stock or a grain gamble. If you sleep on your savings you stand a chance of being robbed, of course; but it isn't a certainty. And no one ever had so small a sum laid by that it didn't come in handy some time.

If there is one diet which bores a dog sooner than another it is dog. To fatten, to thrive, to wear a sleek coat, he must have an occasional lamb. Don't be the lamb.

Health is wealth, but wealth is not always health.

The Men Who Won't Make Money

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., is undoubtedly an earnest, well-meaning young man who is striving to do right as he sees it, but the Standard Oil interpretation of the Scriptures grates a little on people who have more religion than trust certificates. Listen to this brief extract from a newspaper report of a recent talk by him to his Sunday-school class:

"This brings us to the lesson of the text, which is sometimes hardest for us to understand. It is this: Why should the small possessions of the poor be taken away from them and given to the rich?

"I believe it is explained thus: Take a man who refuses to walk. If he simply stays in one position for all time, and never uses the legs which were given him to walk upon, the muscles will, by nature's own law, wither up and become powerless to lift the man's body, and he will be robbed of that which he had—the power of walking.

"So in other things. If a person fail to develop that which his Creator has given him, it will, by the law of nature, be taken away from him."

Tut, tut, Mr. Rockefeller! What can a young fellow who was born with his financial legs muscled like Sandow's know about the boy who has to develop his by natural laws in the face of unnatural conditions? For in the books which have been written on the Evolution of Business in America there are some curious examples of men who have lost the "power of walking" because they couldn't, not because they wouldn't, use their legs.

When in doubt try to calculate how much greater the other fellow's troubles are than your own.

The Texas Gusher Again

GOVERNOR HOGG—still Governor, for a real Southern gentleman is never torn from his title except by death—is back in New York gushing sweetness and stories.

It is pleasant to feel that the Governor is "in our midst" again; to hear him discourse of his good friend Choate, to whom he pays a delicate compliment in pronouncing his name "Shoat," and to learn from his own lips how and why he resisted the blandishments of royalty. But, aside from the interest which naturally attaches to one who has manfully protested against displaying his "shape" in unaccustomed and un-American garments and put a good-natured twist in the lion's tail, the Governor arrests attention as an example of a species which threatens to become extinct—the old style American invader who wants English money with which to develop American industries.

Ten years ago Americans went to London to sell; now they go to buy. Ten years ago it was British capital and Yankee breweries and rails; now it is Yankee capital and British steamships and trams. Once England was a synonym in this country for Capital, and Englishman for Buyer. Every steamer carried a cargo of Westerners, with mines and oil wells in their pockets, off for the haunts of the Investor and the home of the Syndicate. Now they begin to stay at home or go to buy. But we have fed England interest on British savings for so long that she should not object to returning a little of it now on America's surplus

What is one man's principle is another man's politics.

New Hope for Russia

IF THE Nihilists who murdered Alexander II of Russia had adopted a different mode of political agitation, a baby born at that time would now have been able to vote. The crime which deprived Russia of a constitution twenty-one years ago has kept her without one ever since. But now, after more than two decades of torpor, new stirrings of political life are beginning in the empire of the Czars. It is said now that Nicholas II intends to take up the work of his grandfather, and the unrest among the peasantry warns him that it is time

We are accustomed to think of Russia as something exceptional, and of despotism as a peculiarly Russian institution But the truth is that Russia is merely a little behind the other countries of Europe on the road that most of them traveled There was nothing peculiar about Russian despotism in the time of Catherine II. She was no more an autocrat than Frederick the Great of Prussia, or Louis XV of France, or any one of the crowd of little princelings that imitated these great models in the statelets of Germany and Italy. Some country had to be last on the way to liberal government, and it is not surprising that Russia should be the one. The isolation of the bulk of her people from enlightening influences has been amply sufficient to account for her position.

But there is certainly nothing in the Russian nature that is in peculiar sympathy with despotism. On the contrary, there is much that looks in precisely the opposite direction. The Russian village system is the most democratic in Europe Novgorod the Great was a Republic when France and Germany were falling under the feudal roller. But for the Tartar invasion, which wiped out the old institutions and eventually left new ones to spring up from the seed of military command, the liberal movement of the eighteenth century might have spread westward from the Russian Republic instead of from Geneva and Paris. If political activity is now to be allowed to revive in its ancient seats it will be interesting to see how far it will go, and whether Nicholas II will be able to guide and control the power he has released better than Louis XVI did in France.

Some persons are better than others in this world, but they do not belong to the class who think themselves better than others.

The Young Man's Fancy

THE school graduation essay is at our doors. Worse than this, the joke of the newspaper humorist concerning the school graduation essay is already beginning to be sounded

The burden of the humorist's complaint is that the young men and women in their essays attack problems which are beyond them. True. But it is well to attack problems which are beyond us. Aim high, says the seer. Hitch your wagon to a star, says the other seer. The graduating young man who writes of the Mystery of Human Existence need not be made the subject of ridicule, even though he may not entirely clear up the mystery. Would the humorist have him write on Truck Farming as a Money-Making Investment? Return, O humorist, to your plumber's-bill pleasantry and your lost-umbrella joke. The world is too much with us, getting and spending we lay waste our powers

To the thoughtful observer the subject chosen by the young man leaving the high school or academy seems of much less importance than the way he handles it. If he puts his thoughts in good English, and delivers them clearly and frankly, let us not inquire too closely as to the newness or the strict value of the ideas. He stands a better chance after he leaves school of acquiring ideas of worth than he will of picking up a flexible command of his mother tongue.

THE HOME COLLEGE COURSE

The Art of Conversation

By WM. MATHEWS, LL.D.

Former Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Chicago

DR. WM. MATHEWS

ONE of the main advantages of conversation is that it is a potent means of worldly advancement. There can be no doubt that many men and women have been indebted to this almost exclusively for a great success. Though a man is supposed to win pelf and place by professional knowledge and skill alone, yet it is frequently by his social qualities, by his art of putting things, by his skill in persuasion and in winning friends, by the honey of his tongue, rather than by solid qualities, that he makes his way to the front. A young woman with witching conversational powers will invariably carry away the palm in cultivated circles from the most brilliant pianist or vocalist whose talk is devoid of charm. How is it that the actual decisions and determinations of men in the grave matters of life are brought about? Is it by the play of oratorical artillery—by conviction through public debate? No; it is by the hand-to-hand encounter of private conversations. It is there that the death-grapple takes place, that the home-thrust is given.

Assuming, then, that there is an art of conversation, the mastery of which requires study and practice, the question arises: How shall skill in this art be acquired? To answer this question we must first determine what are the qualifications essential to a good converser. First, there is the physical quality of *a pleasing voice*. This is not indispensable, for there have been good talkers even with an impediment in their speech. Charles Lamb was one, in spite of his stammer. Indeed, the hesitation in his utterance served only to call attention and give emphasis to the quaint or felicitous expression that followed it. The predominating tone of speech in the social circle should be calm, quiet and low. Here Americans often sin grievously. Their voices are generally too high-pitched, and lack variety and contrast. As a people, we think and act intensely, and hence the intensity of our voices. Using but few tones, we lose command of most of the resources of expression.

Of the mental conditions of good conversation the most important is *knowledge*. There is no kind of knowledge which may not be serviceable at some time, and the greater the amount and variety of one's acquisitions, the finer the talk will be. But one's knowledge need not be deep. It is true that learning has its uses, even in the lightest conversation. In skillful hands the most recondite and out-of-the-way knowledge may become available. Where an illustration is brought from the depths to the surface, without display or effort, there is no spell more potent in all the witchery of conversation.

The Reading of Necessary Books

Knowledge may be acquired, of course, by books or by observation. The books one reads may be classic, the masterpieces of literature, or the newest, which, being on trial, are most likely to be topics of discussion and criticism. To acquire a fund of ideas and illustrations for public chat, the most helpful are literary works, history, biography and books of travel. The facts and thoughts which one derives from these, especially the information concerning famous events and men, are constantly serviceable in conversation. Some brief books of ancient history should be read, and, above all, histories of the United States, England and France.

No one who wishes to please, or to be *en rapport* with the social circle should fail to read regularly some of the best reviews, magazines and newspapers of the day, in order that he may be abreast of the times and familiar with the current topics of discussion, and with the views of leading men and women upon them. Persons who declaim against this literature as "light" and "ephemeral," forget that today it is provided to a large extent by the ripest scholars and profoundest thinkers of the age. This is notably true of the reviews and magazines, of reprints from which many of the best books of the day are made up; but it is also more or less true of the great daily and leading weekly journals, which contain many elaborate and scholarly editorials and contributions, condensing the results of much thought and research touching the gravest questions of the day, political, social, moral, literary and scientific. Newspapers, it must be remembered, are contemporary history; not always accurate, but none the less history. They are the mirror of the age; pictures of the great Babel world, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns." "The mind," as Mr. Hamerton says, "is like a merchant's ledger: it requires to be continually posted up to the latest date."

To be a good talker one requires not only to have a varied knowledge, but to have it *at his instant and absolute disposal*. All his acquisitions from books, observation or converse with others should, therefore, be thoroughly digested and assimilated, so that their quintessence, as it were, may be at the very tip of his tongue. A vague, shadowy recollection of what he has read, seen and heard is utterly useless in the social circle; it should be distinct and vivid.

Again, conversational talent implies the ability to pass, instantly and easily, from the playful to the serious, and *vice versa*, and from the mere language of courtesy to the expression of sentiment and passion.

Cardinal Requisites of Good Conversation

A fund of piquant and amusing *anecdote* is helpful in conversation, and serves to break its monotony or diversify it when it falls into a groove or rut. A notebook for the very best witticisms, epigrams and repartees one hears or picks up in his reading may be worth keeping; only it should be drawn upon sparingly. There is no greater social pest than the man who, forgetting how often he has told them before, repeats to weariness in every circle he enters certain pet pleasantries, puns or anecdotes which have been worn threadbare by iteration.

Modesty and *simplicity* add greatly to the charm of any one's conversation, especially when found associated with high mental gifts and large stores of knowledge and experience. Yet there can be little good talk without self-trust, which is not incompatible with modesty, and is the first condition of success in every art or enterprise. It is almost needless to say that *unselfishness* is essential to all good conversation. Who that has once heard him can ever forget the man who monopolizes the attention of the social circle, and insists on keeping others waiting till he has "said his say," who never foregoes his story or his joke, however unwelcome, and, exacting from others a patience which he never practices himself, interrupts them to interpose his jest, his comment or his criticism?

Sympathy is, of course, always an essential quality of a good converser. It is evident that the most brilliant conversational gifts are likely to be marred, if not neutralized, when a talker meets with an icy reception by his hearers. On the other hand, a talker who lacks sympathy with his hearers will be apt to weary them by his long-windedness, or to say things that rasp their nerves or offend their self-love. Analyze the conversation of a well-bred man, and you will find it to be a perpetual homage of consideration and courtesy to all present. On the other hand, a hard, unsympathetic man, from lack of that fine vision which sees little things, "will gallop over a thousand fine feelings, and leave in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart." "I have known a clever woman," says Professor J. P. Mahaffy, "to maintain a deservedly high character for her conversation who really said very little, but who was so sympathetic that she made her guests eloquent, and thus so thoroughly pleased with themselves that she was lit up by the glow of their satisfaction, and earned very justly the credit of talking well, because she made others talk. There is probably no social talent higher than this, or rarer."

The Vital Necessity of Tact

Of all the qualities needful to a good converser, none is more indispensable than *tact*—a gift which defies exact definition, but which all recognize when they see it. It springs from a union of mental quickness and lively sympathy. Born in some persons, it is by others never acquired. When possessed in a moderate degree it can be greatly improved by social intercourse. Always alive, always alert, it seems to know everything without having studied anything. In social intercourse it is an instinctive perception of the best thing to say or to do—of what, on the one hand, is fit and agreeable, and of what, on the other, is likely to jar and displease. It instructs without teaching, refutes without contradicting, and without wit outwits the wise.

The man who has this gift, knowing that a thorough discussion of a subject is always out of place in a conversation—that it is hints, guesses, glimpses, side-lights, innuendos that are wanted, with the play of fancy and humor; that the half truths, the whimsical paradoxes, the sudden transitions of a lively chat are often as instructive as elaborate disquisitions, and infinitely more amusing—holds his subject lightly in hand, and drops it the moment he discovers that its interest has been exhausted. He never waits for a yawn, but at the first symptom of restlessness or impatience leads the talk out of its rut or groove into "fresh fields and pastures new."

Of all the qualifications for social converse which we have named, is there one, except possibly the last in some exceptional cases, which may not be possessed by any man of fair abilities who will take a reasonable amount of pains? Conversation is an art; but it is an art which may be acquired; and no acquisition yields a surer or larger return for the effort it exacts. The best talkers, like the leading adepts in any other art, were born with peculiar gifts; but their aptitude was cultivated by reading, reflection and observation, and especially by frequent and varied practice. It is on this last means that the beginner must chiefly rely. As it is by playing the game, and not by reading treatises on the art, that one acquires a mastery of chess, although the books of Staunton and other experts may ultimately be helpful to the highest mastery; as it is by plunging into the water and practicing the art that one becomes an accomplished swimmer; so it is by conversing on all proper occasions, with constant efforts at self-improvement, that one becomes an accomplished talker. In short, the way to learn to talk is—to talk.

The readiest road to conversational skill is to frequent the best social circles, watch the best talkers, and learn the secret of their success—copying their excellences and shunning their defects. As regards a command of language, there is but one road to excellence, and that is by a study of the best models.

How Lord Chesterfield Succeeded

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he became one of the most elegant and fascinating talkers, and one of the most accomplished orators of his day, strikingly shows what miracles may be achieved in the acquisition of these arts by care and practice. His personal appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterward so distinguished him; yet early in life he resolved to win distinction in the drawing-room and in the Senate; and, until he had succeeded, he neglected nothing which could conduce to success. He determined not to utter one word in conversation which was not the very fittest he could choose; and he charged his son likewise never to deliver the commonest order to a servant save in the best language he could command, and with the best utterance. For years, Chesterfield wrote down every brilliant page he met with in his reading, and translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. By this practice a certain elegance became habitual to him.

Lord Bolingbroke, who had an imperial dominion over all the resources of expression, and could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told Chesterfield that he owed the power to the same cause—an early and habitual attention to his style. In no social circle, of ancient or modern times, was there ever a more vigorous and pungent talker than Samuel Johnson. When Boswell expressed to him his surprise at the constant force and propriety of his words, the Doctor replied that he had long been accustomed to clothe his thoughts in the fittest words he could command, and thus a vivid and exact phraseology had become habitual.

The student of the art of conversation will find many excellent suggestions on the subject, and lists, with criticisms, of the common solecisms, barbarisms and improprieties of speech, in the following books:

Conversation; Its Faults and its Graces. Compiled by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D. Fifth edition, 1882. An admirable work.

The Principles of the Art of Conversation. By J. P. Mahaffy.

The Art of Conversation; with Directions for Self-Education. By James G. Leland. New York, 1864.

Our Conversational Circle. By Agnes H. Morton. 1898.

Parts of Speech. By Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

In De Quincey's Letters to a Young Man will be found an excellent essay on Conversation.

One of the latest books on improprieties of speech is Word and Phrase; True and False Use in English. By Joseph Fitzgerald. Chicago, 1901.

An excellent Handbook of Words Often Mispronounced has been prepared by Richard Soule and L. J. Campbell. Published by Lee & Shepard.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in the first of the series of articles which constitute The Home College Course. The concluding paper in this series will appear two weeks hence.

TALES OF THE DIAMOND

By Jas. A. Hart

President Chicago League Ball Club

MR. JAMES A. HART

THE trials and tribulations of the umpire are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of his own making. The rules make the umpire the master of the situation. He is in absolute control of the game and should enforce respect from the players. If he does this the respect of the spectators will follow, for in nearly all cases the wrath of the spectators is caused by the demonstrations of the players. In my opinion the position of umpire is the one pleasant and desirable position in connection with baseball. Certainly it would be so if the umpires should enforce the rules and laws as they are written. Professional umpires are honest, and, being honest, it is immaterial to them which team wins. They can see but one way, whether their sight be right or wrong, and if they give their decisions strictly according to their observations this will either expose their incompetency, which will eventually retire them, or else the mistakes will in the long run even up, in which case the competing teams will be benefited or injured equally.

Famous Coaches Who Used Strategy

A popular impression prevails that a baseball "coach" is on the diamond for the purpose of giving points to the base-runner. As a matter of fact, however, his office is almost wholly strategic in character, and his real mission is to confuse the pitcher.

In this branch of baseball Walter "Arlie" Latham must be designated a master, and his peculiar and original strokes of strategy have been widely imitated by all coaches bright enough to follow his lead.

In the team which I took to the Pacific Coast just at the time when Latham was originating his best moves was "Monk" Cline, a clever player, who at once put into practice out there the lessons he had learned from studying Latham's work. The newspapers were loud in his praise. Next year Latham went to San Francisco, and the bright sporting editors showed their discernment by patronizingly calling attention to the fact that, though Latham's coaching was brilliant, it was simply a clever imitation of that done by Cline the previous season. This was rather hard medicine for Latham to swallow.

The moral traits of the professional player have, I think, greatly improved since baseball has been under thorough organization. The ball player who dissipates to excess is now a rarity for the reason that he cannot retain the requisite skill of body and brain unless he is in good physical condition. They have also come to consider their calling more of a business than they did in days gone by. This in a measure detracts from the pure sportsmanship of the game for the time being, but improves it in its stability. Players, as a class, are not the happy-go-lucky fellows that they once were, spending their money with "fans" in each city, passing as good fellows, each having a following which benefited the gate receipts, but which proved decidedly injurious to the player.

Boys become players by beginning to play as soon as they are old enough to handle a ball and bat. In looking over the list of professional players, it will be noticed that a great many occupying infielding and outfielding positions were formerly pitchers and catchers. This is easily explained: two boys can practice at pitching and catching even with only the limited space which a lane, alley or side street affords; one or two more boys can be added to act as fly-catchers or outfielders; consequently these boys, when they become members of teams, are usually placed in the position of pitcher, catcher, or outfielder, and are forced into infield positions later, when they have sufficient numbers to make a nine and a ground large enough properly to play the game on.

How Long Well-Known Players Last

After players have reached their probable limit of capability I do not believe that they should indulge in excessive practice, for it is proven by that time that they understand the game and know how to play it; consequently all that is required is that they keep in perfect physical and mental condition. If they continue training during the winter months or begin it too early before the championship season opens, they are apt to become stale and to tire of the game before the long season ends. I do not believe in gymnasium work for the reason that ordinary gymnasium work does not exercise the muscles usually brought into play in baseball, and because the temptation to handle the apparatus on account of its convenience is a temptation too great for most men to deny themselves.

I believe that a ball player should take on some flesh during the winter, so that the muscles may become rested, and then he will feel much better in the spring after having taken off the surplus adipose.

The professional life of a ball player depends greatly upon his habits, his position and his style of play. Left-handed pitchers are supposed to be most quickly done, or, in ball players' parlance, "all in." They last from three to six years only in the fastest company. Right-handed pitchers will probably average twice as long under similar conditions.

Editor's Note—The first paper by Mr. Hart appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of April 26

Wonderful Claims of Would-be Players

Managers of professional baseball teams receive many interesting "freak" letters from candidates for positions on their teams. In one instance I received a letter from a young man setting forth his wonderful prowess as a ball player and giving me an outline of what his performances had been. He claimed that he had a fielding average of 1200 and a batting average of 850. I wrote him in a serious vein to the effect that I was pleased to receive his application, but, as his averages seemed rather high, there was some doubt in my mind as to whether he could continue to do equally well in faster company. The reply came by return mail that there was not the slightest doubt that he could maintain his present averages and that he could undoubtedly increase them. When one stops to consider that the averages are based upon the possible chances accepted in a thousand chances offered, it will be conceded that an average of 1200 is impossibly high. Letters, however, of this character are usually written by the friends of the players at the player's dictation, which relieves the player from "tooting his own horn."

There have been instances where ball-playing skill extended to more than one member of the family; for example, four of the "Delahanty boys" are at present professional ball players, the leading one, of course, being the famous "Home Run Del" of the Philadelphia team, who, while playing a game in Chicago against the Chicago team made four home runs and a single base hit in five times at bat, Terry being the pitcher who served the ball. Notwithstanding this wonderful batting exhibition, Delahanty's team lost the game.

James O'Rourke had a brother John who was as good a player as he. "Buck Ewing" had a brother John who was an expert professional pitcher. Amos and Lave Cross, brothers, were both catchers in the fastest company. I remember a ball nine composed entirely of brothers, two of whom afterward played professionally. There was at one time a complete team of deaf mutes, two or three of whom became professional players.

The Men Who Control the Teams

The so-called "magnates" are, as a class, not popular with the public. There can be but one winning team in each league, consequently there can be but one magnate who has complied fully with the desires of his patrons. And he has usually had to stand considerable abuse whenever his team has lost games during the season, for, it being a winning team and the defeats being farther apart, they seem more disastrous than in the case of a team which is near the bottom of the list.

The public at large takes but little interest in the "magnate," the public's interest, as well as his own, being centred, where properly it should be, in the players.

I do not remember having ever attended a meeting of baseball officials where the spirit and intention of those present were not for the benefit of the game of baseball. Being human, laws have sometimes been enacted by the officials which have not gained the results their makers anticipated. "Magnates" are frequently accused of holding "gum-shoe" or secret meetings, but because meetings are not heralded abroad it does not follow that anything sinister is transacted at them. I fully appreciate the value of publicity to baseball, but I cannot believe that the extent to which some papers and writers go to obtain "news" is for the best good of the game. The so-called "magnates" are often harshly charged by writers with forcing their names into print. On the other hand, if the "magnates" decide to go to a quiet place to hold a meeting, where their names will be kept out of the newspapers, they are accused of "gum-shoe" proceedings, the inference being that the meetings of this character have something underhand to conceal.

There is a mistaken idea prevalent regarding the profits of baseball. To be sure, certain persons have been eminently successful in conducting professional baseball clubs, but the majority who have engaged in the business have not much left for their pains but experience. Capitalists are usually attracted to baseball as a side issue, either because of their love for the sport, for its benefit to some other interest owned by them, or for the notoriety which to some men is fascinating. It would be difficult to point out one man who has gained a competency through the ownership of a baseball club. Chris. Von der Ahe, of St. Louis, and John B. Day, of New York, are living examples of the insecurity and uncertainty of baseball as a permanent business. These two made, perhaps, as much money from professional baseball as any who ever engaged in it; but both men are now out of the game, and I believe they put back into it more than they ever took out.

One word more regarding the "magnates." I believe that the grade of integrity possessed by baseball officials is far higher than that in any other business of like publicity. I care not what a man's personal character may be, once he becomes a factor in baseball legislation he must of necessity be an honest man, because in no vocation does the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy," assert itself more forcibly than it does in the management of baseball interests in this country.

The principal officers are constantly under the lime-light of public scrutiny. Anything that savors of dishonesty is published far and wide, and a man's reputation will soon be ruined and his place as a baseball legislator made vacant if his reputation be smirched. It is a most difficult task, but at the same time it carries with it a kind of fascination which makes it exceedingly attractive.

The Great Reception to the Athletics

Perhaps the greatest public demonstration ever made in connection with baseball was the reception given the Athletics, in the fall of 1883, upon their winning the championship of the American Association. The race had been a remarkably close one and was not won until within the last two games. When the team left for a Western trip it seemed as if they could not be overtaken by the St. Louis Club, who were their nearest competitors. Therefore committees were appointed to arrange for a general reception upon their return. Prominent citizens of Philadelphia took part in the arrangements, of which a parade of immense proportions was to be the chief feature; and they were to be met several miles out of Philadelphia by enthusiastic committees appointed by the civic authorities.

But, instead of winning easily as had been expected, they began to lose, and their championship prospects began to wane, and the situation became very embarrassing. This very anxiety probably caused the team to lose still more games.

They were fairly in the lead until they reached St. Louis. There they played four games and, if I remember correctly, lost all of them. At any rate the race was drawn to such a close point that it was necessary for the Athletics to win at least one game in Louisville to make the championship certain. They had four games to play in Louisville and they lost the first and second.

The strain under which the players labored can be imagined by followers of the game, but fortunately for them they won the third game of the series, thereby clinching the championship and permitting the reception and parade to go on as arranged.

During the series in St. Louis the most intense excitement prevailed and, as the rules at that time gave the visiting club but sixty-five dollars for each game, the profits of the St. Louis Club were enormous. One of the games was played on Saturday and the next on Sunday. As the Saturday's game closed too late to bank the receipts, which were largely in silver coin, and as the banks were not open on Sunday, it became necessary to keep the entire receipts in the office at the grounds, under guard, during Saturday and Sunday nights.

On Monday the money was taken to the bank in a barrel in an express wagon under escort of mounted police, so that the St. Louis Club in this case literally had a "barrel of money."

Probably the largest gate receipts in the history of professional baseball were in connection with the game played in New York on Decoration Day, 1887, by the New Yorks and Detroits.

The crowd was so great that it was necessary to call in the mounted police. To one familiar with the capacity of the grounds it was evident that the gate receipts could scarcely have been less than $25,000.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

By Hamilton Emerson

***ened to Gerald Saint Luce
o Heath and How the Duke
Message Found a Messenger***

gray cloak of twilight fell upon the hilltop, ushed but the mournful wind that wandered e desolate moor, and among the leafless bar- thorn bushes that grew along the wayside. It g's Highway that lay still and frozen across the barren country, fading into the distance, lonely and deserted, although great London town was but three leagues beyond.

The sorrowing wind, the dreary road and the cold night seemed to frighten the trees that gathered here and there like bare, fleshless ghosts, to whisper one to the other, and the belated rooks swerved yet higher in their home-going flight and dropped weird cries from the dim hollows of the upper air.

Suddenly a man peered from behind a rusty tussock of grass near the roadway—a youthful man, strong, alert, aggressive, whose keen eyes searched all the night around. He examined the rolling hill-crown, the thickets, the shadowy trees; he listened as a hare for the tongue of the hound, turning an ear now this way and now that; he waited, holding his breath and piercing with his gaze the long reaches of darkness about him. Only his head was exposed

The moments passed, and the expression upon the face of the watcher was changing from anxiety to certainty, when there drifted lightly down the breeze a clear, metallic sound, oft repeated and with constantly increasing volume. The head drew slowly back until only the eyes shone through the gloom. The burden of the night wind became a regular note —tap, tap, tap, tap; the song of clanking hoofs, eight at least. Ascending the long slope of the hill, misty forms were steadily approaching, while the clatter of horses' feet mingled with the broken sound of voices of men who talked as they rode

The watcher listened. As the newcomers climbed the steeper rise, their pace fell to a walk, and the first level beams of the pale winter's moon brought their figures into partial distinctness as they drew each moment nearer. There were but two, both well mounted. Each wore a sword, and as they moved in their saddles the cold rays glinted upon headpiece and breastlet, proving them soldiers. The man lay like a corpse within his concealment.

"Think again of my offer, Captain," said one. "'Twill be late ere we reach London, if we reach it at all across this robber's heath, and to-morrow's sun will better show you the house you seek. Rest with me at the Blue Boar to-night, and we will sup together."

"My lord, I cannot," returned the younger rider. "His Grace, the Duke, laid his most heavy word upon me that I convey his message this night. I pray you forgive me if I seem ungracious."

As they spoke, the elder man dropped a step behind, so that his horse just lapped the flank of the other. So close were the travelers to the man in hiding that he could distinguish their faces in the growing light. Suddenly the leading horse started, his master caught sharply at the bridle, and at the same instant the other leaned quickly toward him, his arm shot forward, and there was a gleam of steel and the sound of a heavy blow. Even as the lips of the watcher stiffened with horror, a half sob, a broken but unuttered word felt from the smitten horseman. He swayed in his saddle, sank lower and yet lower upon his horse's neck, and at last, lurching sidewise, fell with ringing crash of armored body to the earth, while his steed pranced and curvetted in fear about the grewsome bundle at his feet

The fugitive on the roadside shuddered. Soldier that he was, this stark murder chilled his marrow and filled his heart with vengeance. Uttering a loud cry of rage and horror, he sprang from his concealment, unarmed as he was, and bounded toward the villain whose hand still held the bloody weapon

At the sudden apparition, rising as it were from the very body of his victim, the soul of the coward overcame the murderer. Not waiting to repel the attack of the newcomer, but mingling a cry of fear with the snortings of his no less startled horse, he turned and fled across the rocky hilltop and down the distant road until the sound of hoofs died away and vanished, and the mournful night wind alone droned dirges for the dead.

Gerald Saint Luce, an escaped French prisoner, stood on Heather Hill with a corpse at his feet, a steed and a sword at his hand. As he slowly advanced toward where lay the silent soldier, he reverently crossed himself and muttered a prayer.

"*Le Bon Dieu!*" he whispered. "It is a miracle! Last night a dungeon; to-night, free and armed! But I must care for this poor lad." Cautiously he led the still nervous horse back a short distance and tethered him behind a thicket; then carefully, even tenderly, he raised the warm, limp body of the slain in his arms and carried it to a little depression behind a clump of hawthorn. There, whispering voluble French apologies into the deaf ears, he quickly changed attire with the dead man, and a few minutes later reappeared upon the King's Highway clad as an English officer, mounted upon an English horse, and armed with English steel

He sighed as he paused a moment in the cold moonlight. "He was a young man yet, and perchance had a fortune in this," and he glanced at the blood stained packet in his hand. "Who knows? Adieu, comrade; thou wast foully slain!" And again crossing himself and murmuring an Ave he turned and rode away to the southward. Except the clear ring of his horse's feet no other sound came to the ear of Saint Luce, and he busied himself tightening here and loosening there the points and buckles of his new apparel, and in weighing the sword in his hand, until he had crossed the crown of the hill and was descending toward Hounslow Heath

Here, the moonlight, spreading over a wide extent of land, seemed faintest shadow rather than light; for the trees loomed unnaturally, the thickets moved and murmured together, and all the phantoms of the darkness were abroad. The Frenchman sharpened his watch and rode with ears alert for any sign of danger. Low down on the horizon the lights of London blinked solemnly through the mists that trailed along the heath.

Almost an hour had passed when Saint Luce noted, some long distance ahead, a figure apparently moving toward him He drew his horse to the right of the road. The stranger slowly approached, growing from a shapeless blotch to an undulating blackness, and after a time from a blackness to the dim figure of a mounted man. When within a dozen paces the stranger reined across the road and spoke.

"Greetings, my lord. You travel late"

"'Needs be who must,'" replied the Frenchman lightly. "Did I not travel I should perforce be sleeping on this cold heath. But wherein do we differ, since you also are afield?" As he spoke he loosed the sword at his side with an almost imperceptible movement

THE BLADE OF THE OTHER WAS TORN FROM HIS GRASP

The other laughed. "Your proverb fits, my lord," said he. "'Needs be who must.' I travel that I may rest, for without travel and what it brings I have no means of rest I pray you lend me your purse!"

Saint Luce saw the shining barrel of a pistol, its bell muzzle pointed straight at him, and behind it a pair of sparkling eyes. He threw his head back with a hearty laugh that echoed far across the desolate moor. A long laugh, that rose in perfect cadence and fell again in equal scale; not even deigning to look at the highwayman until the last tinkling notes of his mirth had died away. Then he spoke.

"Good sir, I crave your pardon for my frivolity! 'Tis said when leeches disagree the patient must recover. How then with us? If we gentlemen of the road take to plundering one another shall not many a dishonest burgher slip away? Go to! I have no purse. I am the poorer by the cloth upon my back and the steel upon my breast, for these are not my own. I have no weapon but my sword, and I pray you put away that gunpowder arm, for I like it not. If it please you to fight, let us fight with good steel that has not so bad a smell, and cries not to all the world around; but as I tell you, 'twill be to no end, for I have nothing."

The highwayman hesitated; Saint Luce had spoken so boldly that the force of his words impressed his hearer, and in half a quandary he lowered his pistol and opened his lips to reply. That act was his mistake.

As the two had parleyed, the horses had drawn step by step nearer to each other, and now less than a dozen feet separated them. As the man's hand sank and his weapon pointed to the earth, a blow like the lightning's bolt hurled the pistol far into the moss of the moor, exploding as it went, the Frenchman's sword shot sharply forward and showed a hand's breadth behind the robber's back. Then the plunging horses separated, the wounded man uttered a startled cry, and Saint Luce, saluting, galloped on.

"*Canaille!*" he muttered. "And this is England, and this the King's Highway! They need more trees and hemp."

Without loosening rein again, he rode for a full hour, flinging many a mile behind him. Slowly but surely the flickering lights of the great city grew, and the way became less lonely and deserted. At length he checked his speed, for he was where the lanes began and the rough cobbles that half paved the way fretted his good steed. Then he hailed a passer-by

"Good-night, friend! I seek an inn. Canst guide me to a modest door?

The man addressed pulled his cap from his head. "That I can, Master—none better in the town! If thou wilt follow me we'll be there in a turn, for I journey thither myself."

Accepting his offer, Saint Luce willingly followed his guide through the winding ways of the city. At times the darkness was so great that the very horse hesitated where to put his feet, then a sharp turn, and the half-open doors of ale houses flooded the way with light and made the air ripple with laughter and song.

In this manner the two had proceeded for some time when, as they passed an inn rather more pretentious than its neighbors, the broad doors suddenly flew open and half a score of rollicking blades came tumbling into the road, shouting songs and staves, and defying the watch to interfere with their boisterous mirth. Saint Luce passed unmolested, but one of them seized the footman by his long queue

"Whom have we here? Not Red Davie? Why, you Scotch terrier, how came you in Boar Lane? Know ye not that Scotsmen are not granted to pass here?" And with these words he struck a swinging blow at the man.

Red Davie instantly returned it, and the others joining in the mêlée, a furious brawl soon filled the narrow street. Heavy blows were showered upon the man's bullet head despite his best defense, and Saint Luce soon saw that if he would keep his attendant he must interfere. Spurring his horse into the midst of the throng, he strove to drive the assailants off, but some of the blows aimed at the footman falling upon Saint Luce his temper was soon aflame equally with the rest. Drawing his sword, he struck right and left with no gentle force, and shouts of anger quickly turned to cries of fear

One of the roysterers, however, would have pulled him from his saddle had not the soldier quickly shortened his weapon and dealt the man a stinging blow across the face. His assailant fell to earth, and the Frenchman, bidding Red Davie catch his stirrup, drove his furious horse trampling through the mob, which fled before him. Reaching a turn, he suddenly whipped into a dark lane and escaped When they had put some distance behind them Saint Luce said, "Red Davie, you owe me a whole skin; but else you guide me without further fractions I must leave you. I will not brawl in the streets of London."

The man at the stirrup pulled his forelock—his cap was gone—and made answer: "Master, ye saved me a sad beating from yon Lowland dogs, and I thank ye kindly! The inn I bespoke is at the next turning."

So forsooth it proved, and within the hour the Frenchman was seated in a low supper-room, his horse safely housed and fed, and his host engaged in spreading upon the table a well roasted fowl, a loaf and a bottle for his refreshment. Having eaten heartily, for his hunger had gathered a full day since last he had broken fast, Saint Luce drew from his doublet the packet which he had taken from the body of the murdered officer and carefully broke the heavy seals

Within were two notes. The larger bore the Royal crest and was directed to the High Constable of London; the other was unsealed, and upon its cover was written: "To the Blue Domino at Lady Anne Hathaway's Masque." Saint Luce unfolded this parchment and read

> "*Most Beloved Niece:* After more effort than you may know, I have at last reached His Majesty's ear, and through personal interest only have obtained the pardon which I send herewith Lord Gordon suspected my errand and strongly opposed its granting. You may know why. Beware of him. I send this by the hand of Captain Sloan, and have directed him to give it you this night. The High Constable must receive the pardon before Friday's dawn if you are to see Stuart again
>
> Your Uncle, ARGYLL

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled. Calling his host, he directed that another bottle of wine be brought, and asked what was doing in the town.

"Balls and routs, my lord," replied the innkeeper—"balls and routs, duels and hangings. Which will you?"

"To-night, my man, to-night!" replied the other. "Where can I find pleasure to-night?"

The innkeeper hesitated a moment and then replied: "Know you Lady Anne Hathaway?"

"I knew her brother, the young Lord Claude, in France," said Saint Luce; which, indeed, was no untruth, for it was he who had captured him at Lisle the year before.

"Then 'tis well," responded his host. "The Lady Anne gives a grand masque in her town house to-night, and there you may find pleasure, I am sure."

"And to-morrow," continued Saint Luce; "are there hangings for the morning?"

"Aye, sure enough. Young Malcolm Stuart is to hang for high treason. 'Twill be a noble sight. Thou hast come to London in a merry time!"

"So 'twould seem," responded the other grimly. "But for this masque—canst give me trappings?"

Boniface hesitated a moment, and then, brightening, answered: "Why, yes, my lord, if thou'lt content thyself with sombre black. I have a cloak and masque left by a stranger here, a month gone. I fear me he used the same for ill purpose upon the street, but it becomes me not to say, for he paid his reckoning as an honest man. I'll fetch them." And he hastened from the room.

He soon returned with the needed disguise, and Saint Luce tried them on. "'Twill do," said he; "and now for hat and hose and shoes, for I can scarcely go without them."

Again the innkeeper departed, to return shortly with the required articles, and the soldier quickly completed his attire. Then buckling his sword short, so that it might be concealed, and throwing the long cloak about his shoulders, he followed his host into the street and took up the journey to Lady Anne Hathaway's rout.

Hastily they sped through the narrow alleys of the lower town and shortly emerged into broader ways, faced with more pretentious houses, until the innkeeper finally paused at the opening of a street where chairs and footmen could be seen ahead and the light and smoke from blazing links filled the air.

"There, my lord, is her ladyship's," said he. "I wish you joy of the night. My door will be open whenever it please you to return;" and doffing his cap the man disappeared

Saint Luce walked boldly forward, mounted the steps, and found himself face to face with two gorgeous footmen, backed by half a score of men-at-arms, whose feathern buskins and purple caps proclaimed them to be of Lord Hathaway's household. Quickly slipping the masque across his eyes, the Frenchman advanced toward the broad staircase and, whispering the name "Captain Sloan" in the ear of the officer of the guard, mounted to the floor above and entered an antechamber which opened upon the grand ballroom. The music of viol and harpsichord sounded sweet indeed to the prison dulled ears of the soldier, and his heart beat in unwonted fashion as he peered upon the brilliantly lighted scene. The room was filled with dancers, and the rustle of gowns, the tap of dainty heels, the gleam of jewels and the sparkling of eyes through a hundred masques caused the blood to bound in Saint Luce's veins

"By Venus!" he exclaimed under his breath; "'twere worth the risk to be here!"

Just as he was about to enter, a stir among those about him attracted his attention. A large man, followed by a considerable suite, had appeared. All present drew back, bowing. The newcomer was at least sixty years of age, grizzled and stern in countenance, and dressed most richly. With a slight inclination of his head he passed into the throng beyond. The Frenchman turned to one who stood at his side

"Pardon. Canst tell me who yon officer is?"

The man addressed answered quickly "The High Constable. I thought all the world knew him."

"A thousand thanks," responded Saint Luce. "I am but recently in London from foreign soil, which must excuse my ignorance. May I presume yet further and inquire if you know the niece of the Duke of Argyll, and whether she is here to-night?"

"The Duke has two nieces; which do you seek?"

Saint Luce hesitated "The younger," he replied.

His chance acquaintance started and turned sharply toward him. "Why do you ask, sir? You are presuming"

"I beg your pardon; did I understand you?" said the Frenchman.

"Why do you ask of the nieces of the Duke of Argyll? They are friends of mine!" replied the other with heat.

"I decline to give any reason," responded Saint Luce clearly, "unless the answer be found at my side. *Comprenez vous?*"

The Englishman started. "You are a Frenchman; a spy!" he cried. The other smiled. "And you, sir, are not a gentleman I bid you adieu." He turned away and entered the ballroom. His questioner followed

Saint Luce moved carefully across the great hall until he gained the shelter of a recessed window that opened upon the garden. Here he paused. As he did so a hand touched his shoulder

"If you are not a spy, meet me in twenty minutes back of the arbor in yonder garden. We can there settle our dispute as becomes gentlemen

It was the Englishman. Saint Luce bowed and turned away. "Marplot!" he growled

Fool! *Garçon!* You came here with a purpose, and now you have fallen upon a *mauvais quart d'heure!* You are not safe outside prison bars

Notwithstanding these self reproaches he again took his sword by the hand lightly and devoted the twenty minutes of waiting to watching as well. "'To the Blue Domino,'" he murmured. "She must be somewhere here"

Even as his eye wandered over the moving throng a sudden flash of color caught his attention, and he noted the figure of a woman draped in blue approaching. His heart leaped as it had not done even when he faced the highwayman. Was this the girl he sought? It would not do to chance an error. A life depended upon the pardon which he carried, and it must reach the proper hand. He determined to accost the maiden

The wearer of the domino had paused a short distance from him and was now surrounded by a group of masquers. Saint Luce joined the throng and slowly worked his way toward its centre. Just as he reached the position he desired, his sleeve was plucked and a low voice muttered, "In the garden!" With a half suppressed curse the soldier replied, "I follow you." Then bending far forward until his lips almost touched the odorous hair of the figure before him, he whispered: "Argyll sends a message by the black domino!

There was a sudden straightening of the supple form, an unspoken question shot from eyes that found his, a sobbing breath pulsated beneath the folds of the concealing cloak, and, murmuring "Later," he turned hastily away with the assurance that his quest was at an end. "Let me but finish with my friend behind the arbor," said Saint Luce to himself, "and I will bring joy to a breaking heart!"

Passing among the masquers, the Frenchman again reached the window, opened it, and stepped lightly on the balcony beyond. Below him stretched the garden, half lit by the moon. He sprang to the ground and advanced cautiously toward a distant shadow which he felt must be the arbor. Behind him, the lights streamed from the ballroom, and the soft music of the dance floated in snatches out upon the midnight air A voice challenged him.

"Art ready?"

"At your will," he answered, drawing his sword. "Do we fight alone?"

"Afraid?" the other sneered

The Frenchman laughed. "Not of your weapon, but for my reputation. If I kill you they will call it murder."

The Englishman's sneer became a growl of rage. "On guard!" he cried "I will kill you, murder or not. On guard!"

The two stood upon the crisp, frost-bitten sward, each with a ready sword in hand

Instantly the duel began. Saint Luce was out of practice from a year of prison life, and stood upon the defensive. His opponent, somewhat taller than he, fought with a dash unusual in an Englishman, and gradually forced his adversary back until, unconsciously, they passed beyond the shelter of the arbor and were in full view from the windows of the mansion

Sharp and forceful was the sword-play, the blades ringing clearly as they met, and such was the spirit of the fray that one might hardly note thrust and parry, lunge, foil, and turn, on either side. Suddenly a shout was heard and the sound of hurrying feet

With an oath the Englishman flung himself upon Saint Luce, plying his weapon with a strength that promised even yet a bloody ending, but at that instant the Frenchman quickly passed his sword into his left hand made a sinuous under-thrust turn of the wrist, and the blade of the other was torn from his grasp and flung whistling through the air The Englishman stood unarmed, while his antagonist's quivering point pressed hard against his heart

"Yield!" cried Saint Luce, but as he spoke the men of the guard seized them both with ungentle hands

"What means this outrage?" said the officer of the guard furiously. "Are ye madmen that ye court the gibbet before the very eyes of the ruler of London? Away with them to the hall, where His Grace shall dispense such punishment as they deserve!"

Without a word, Saint Luce sheathed his sword and submitted. Not so however, with his opponent. He demanded his release with fiery words, and threatened dire vengeance if his orders were not obeyed. Nevertheless, in company with the Frenchman he was forced to proceed toward the mansion. As they drew near the house an officer approached on the run and by his order they filed into the lower hall where many of the guests, as well as the armed attendants of Lord Hathaway, linkmen, pages, footmen and the like, had already gathered. Upon the broad stair, somewhat separated from the rest, stood the stern High Constable himself, and just behind him, in a brilliant group of ladies and cavaliers, Saint Luce beheld the wearer of the blue domino.

The ruler of London raised his hand An expectant hush fell upon the motley throng "Officer," came a deep voice, "report."

"Your Grace," said the lieutenant of the guard, doffing his plumed cap, "these men were found engaged in deadly combat within very earshot of my Lord Hathaway's mansion. Had I not been alert, bloodshed would have stained this night!"

"Say unusually alert," responded the High Constable coldly, and the young officer fell back, abashed. "Who are these men? Unmask."

The Englishman started forward and cried, "Your Grace, may I speak with you?" but instantly he was seized by the guard and thrust backward again. The face of the High Constable grew white

"Unmask!" he thundered

Saint Luce whipped the silk from his face willingly enough, but the other still hesitated, and the officer of the guard advanced to tear aside his concealment, when, with a quick movement, he bared his face to view. At the act there was a stir upon the stairs, and the High Constable himself showed surprise.

"My Lord Gordon!" he cried

"I bow to Your Grace in shame," responded the other, uncovering and bending his head, his face suffused with color. "It is indeed a serious offense, but I crave permission to offer my excuse."

The High Constable's eyes grew stern. "Speak, my lord," said he

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A Civil War Novel

Readers of George Eliot will remember how Tom and Maggie Tulliver esteemed their Aunt Pullet—"chiefly because she was not their Aunt Glegg." In the same chastened spirit we welcome a story of the Civil War—chiefly because it is not a story of the Revolution. The Battleground, by Ellen Glasgow *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*, has other merits besides the purely negative one of dating eighty-five years after the Declaration of Independence; but much of our enjoyment is simple gratitude at escaping the too, too familiar scenes which novelists in the past ten years have described for us with unpitying pertinacity.

We should be more grateful still if the Civil War could also, by some determined effort, be eliminated from American fiction; but this seems too much to expect. Miss Glasgow has given us such a pretty picture of Virginia in the sedate and sleepy days that we cannot but regret the sharp and bitter awakening. What nice old ladies who think that teaching the catechism to little negroes is the chief aim of existence, and who say flutteringly: "Men are very wicked, I fear, but they are very engaging, too!" What fine old gentlemen in ruffled shirt fronts, with ample oaths and adamantine complacency! What pretty girls, innocent and coquettish as kittens! Above all, what an admirable understanding of the Virginian's point of view.

"Would you trifle with a lady from your own State, sir?" cries Major Lightfoot to his grandson, evidently deeming it quite a different offense from trifling with one of the semi-barbarous natives of Pennsylvania or Massachusetts.

And breaking in upon this Arcadian repose comes the War, cruel, wicked, devastating—"the reign of the brute," which was to humble the pride of the South, to burn her homes, to slaughter her sons and starve her daughters. Miss Glasgow is hard enough upon the arrogance and ignorance which prompted the Confederacy to such unequal combat; but she rises to mournful eloquence over the desperate courage which prolonged the struggle, as though by a miracle, for four years. "The army, lean, sun-scorched, half-clothed, dropping its stragglers like leaves upon the roadside, marching in borrowed rags, and fighting with the weapons of its enemies, dirty, fevered, choking with the hot dust of the turnpike, still pressed onward, bending like a blade beneath Lee's hand. The road led into Maryland, and the brigades swept into it, jesting like schoolboys on a frolic."

It is not possible to tell a cheerful story upon these lines. Somebody is left alive when the book closes, which is as much as we can reasonably expect, and by the ashes of their old home the lovers, bereaved, broken and penniless, resolve to be married at once. This is so eminently unpractical that it makes us feel quite happy again. The Valley of Destruction has been passed, and Virginians are Virginians still. —*Agnes Repplier.*

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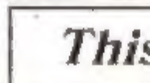

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TALES OF MANY TRADES

The Advance Agent

By B. Harry Nye

OF THE work of the advance agent, or press agent, as he is sometimes called, the theatre-going public in general know little or nothing. Those who take any interest at all in affairs theatrical know that there is such a person, that he generally strikes the town a short time ahead of the show, and that simultaneously with his appearance the dead walls and bill-boards take on another layer of "show-bills," setting forth the merits of the next attraction.

The advance man's work is varied, and depends upon the class of attraction he represents. The man who travels for the highest class companies has very little to do. His work is to hunt up the local manager of the opera-house, shake hands with him, and impress upon his mind what a fortunate thing it is for him and his patrons that this big city show has been prevailed upon to play his town, urge him to "work it up strong," give him the necessary advertising matter and a handful of stereotyped press stuff, and then under the plea of having a world of writing to do, return to the hotel—where he probably spends the afternoon taking a nap. For this he receives anywhere from $40 to $75 a week. So much for the big shows. But for the agent ahead of the little fellows, ahead of companies having no real financial backing, working along from town to town, hardly knowing how they exist, conditions are entirely different. The agent is hired at anywhere from $10 to $35 a week. He knows full well that if the show doesn't take it in he won't get it; and that if the show breaks up he will be left wherever he may happen to be, to get home as best he may. His duties are the same as those of the agent representing one of the recognized attractions—with some additional labor. He is generally expected by his employer to hang the lithographs in the store windows, post bills, distribute handbills from house to house, and do everything in his power to boom the show—"circus it," they call it; for the little "fly-by-nights," as they are termed, must be brought before the public, kept before and forced upon the public; while the mere coming of a well-known star would need only a mere announcement to crowd the house.

The Advance Man's First Appearance

I well remember the first company it was my fortune, or misfortune, to represent. I had had some newspaper experience, knew a little of theatrical work, had some acquaintance among the "profesh," and had, whenever an opportunity presented itself, urged these acquaintances to look out for an opening for me. One day it came, a short telegram, "Join the company at Pittsburg to-morrow," signed by an old friend. The next day found me on hand. The company had been "tried on the dog" in several towns between New York and Pittsburg, but we had our real opening engagement in the latter city. The show was a fairly clever comedy, entitled Where the Laugh Comes In, with a cast of fourteen people, an established credit with a show printing concern, and a little money. It was decided to "circus it" everywhere, and to this end I took an assistant with me. Business in Pittsburg was not very good; but the manager sent me money frequently enough to keep me "one week ahead." Every letter from him told of worse business. We had played a few towns in Ohio, were back in Pennsylvania playing the smaller towns, and nearly everywhere I went, as I looked the town over, I would say to myself that if the show hadn't gone under by the time it reached this place she probably would here. However, we got through the "punks," and it was in a city of 50,000 inhabitants that we first came to grief. Here we were expecting to do a good business. I wired back to the manager for money. No reply. Then I sent a message to the main office in New York City with the same result. We were in a quandary. It was almost absolutely necessary that we go ahead and arrange for the coming of the company. I pawned my watch, sent my assistant on to the next town to arrange for our appearance there and then come back. Now the proper thing to do, providing you are in a fix of this kind, is to go to the best hotel you can find, just as if you had an inexhaustible supply of money, and wait for something to turn up. This we did. Without enough

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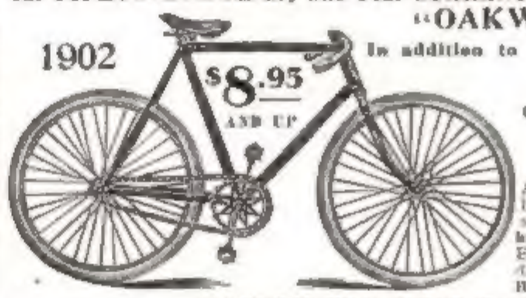

In addition to FREE BICYCLE we will give

$1,000.00 IN GOLD

to those making the LARGEST SALES in April, May and June, 1902

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All new styles; no second-hand wheels; no old models. Our highest-priced 1902 "Oakwood," strong, graceful frame, seamless tubing, G. & J. tires, Garford saddle, adjustable handle bar. Everything guaranteed first-class. Only $18.75. Equal to any wheel sold for $50.00. You can sell it for $25 the day you receive it. Write for particulars concerning FREE BICYCLE and CASH PAYMENT OF $1,000.00. Address

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CAPITAL, $250,000.00

REFERENCE: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO

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Our prices on all kinds of carriages and harness are actual factory prices. The dealers and jobbers have been eliminated in our system of selling direct from factory to customer. We are saving money for thousands of carriage buyers all over the country—we can save money for you.

Write for our catalogue, descriptive of buggies, phaetons, surreys, etc. It gives full particulars of our system, and shows the carriages. It also gives wonderfully low prices on harness, robes, etc. The largest assortment in America to select from—and the broadest guarantee goes with each purchase. Catalogue **Free.**

No. 4020. Price $54.20
Shipment from Columbus

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.

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Most Economical Because Most Durable

Made from finest Para rubber. Occupies small space when travelling. Can use as much or as little water as desired. The force of flow is regulated by pressure on bulb.

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and **Ten Days' Free Trial** to any person in U. S. or Canada. *Not a cent deposit* required on our Bicycles in advance.

1902 Models, $9 to $15

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500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new, $2 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale* at half factory cost. Tires, equipment and sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogues on our new plan.

A RIDER AGENT in each town can make money fast on our wonderful 1902 propositions. *Write at once* for lowest *net prices* to agents and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 84-G, Chicago, Ill.

I WANT TO BE A NEWSPAPER ARTIST

If You Have a Liking or Natural Talent for Drawing, Cut This Out and Mail it, with your address, to

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
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Don't Use a Dropper

Just fill your Fountain Pen with water—and drop in one of our

"Permeo Fountain Pen Pills"

An excellent **Writing Ink.** Durability guaranteed. Always ready for use. Packed in wooden tubes. Safely carried in vest pocket. At your dealer, 25c. a tube or send to us. **We will give FREE** a Rand-McNally solid gold Fountain Pen to every one who sells one dozen tubes of Permeo Fountain Pen Pills, remitting $3.00 P. O. or express order.

None genuine without signature.

B. B. ANDERSON
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GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

Stories Wanted FOR The Boys' World

We desire manuscripts in the form of short stories, reminiscences and true incidents for publication in the **Boys' World,** a new illustrated eight-page, four-column weekly paper for boys. We pay promptly and liberally for all manuscripts accepted. The purpose of the BOYS' WORLD is to encourage and uplift boys in their own sphere; to enter helpfully into each department of the boy's life; to make each day holy and each deed noble. We appeal to all writers who are interested in the welfare of boys to help us by their pens, also to educated workers with boys who do not make writing a profession. The paper already reaches 218,000 boys. Surely this is an inspiring audience, and we need your best efforts to help and hold it. Nowhere else can you reach so large an audience of boys. Nowhere else will your words do so much to make the coming generation what it should be. Nowhere is there such need of help. Address all manuscript to

BOYS' WORLD, Editorial Department, Elgin, Ill.

Specimen copies of the BOYS' WORLD sent free on application.

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NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT

GENUINE TIRE IS BRANDED WITH AN ALLIGATOR IN RED OTHERS NOT GENUINE PUNCTUREPROOF

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THE VIM COMPANY, Dept. Randolph and Fifth Ave. **CHICAGO**

Hercules Hammock Stand

Can be set anywhere on the lawn or veranda, moved about by one person, or packed in a buggy for use at a picnic or outing. Handsomely finished; saves the trees, saves the lawn. **Price $3.75.** Illustrated catalogue free.

HERCULES MFG. CO., Dept. 54, Centerville, Iowa

A Perfect Form

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical Culture." Hang it on the wall of your bedchamber. It shows by carefully prepared illustrations and instructions how to develop your body to the ideal of perfection. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or silver. State sex.

5th Ave. School of Physical Culture
Dept. L, 114 Fifth Ave., New York

IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND

Pennsylvania Railroad Personally Conducted Tour to the Yellowstone Park leaves July 5, 1902. Returns July 30th. Six days in the Park. Special Pullman train at service of tourists. Round trip rate covering all expenses $150. For details, apply to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

WRITING FOR PROFIT

Is the name of our free booklet. Send for it to-day. Tells you how to obtain a position as newspaper-reporter and special correspondent, and as magazine-contributor; also, how and where to sell stories. Shows you how to develop your talent, and starts you right as journalist and story-writer. Men and women eligible; learn in spare hours at home; terms easy; instruction personal and practical. Manuscripts read, criticised, corrected, and prepared for publication.

Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief. Staff of Specialists. Founded 1895

The National Press Association **67 Baldwin Building, Indianapolis, Ind.**

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Not only a help in your present position, but helps you to a better position

THESE FACES MEAN SOMETHING

They are the faces of men and women who have answered our advertisements during the past five years with a full appreciation of the fact that advertising is the foundation upon which a business man's success must be built.

Learn from the oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. Learn from the founders themselves.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you? When we say, we can **positively teach you advertisement writing by mail** and fit you to earn **from $25 to $100 per week**, we simply reiterate what those who have graduated and profited by our instruction are saying for us. Our lessons are for each individual, and just as personal as if you were the only student.

Notice to Employers: *Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.*

When you enroll in the PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL you are not experimenting or being experimented upon. If you write we will send you our 64-page prospectus and a bundle of affidavits from our students **free.**

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

LEARN WRITING

The demand for ad.writers is far greater than the supply. The scarcity keeps salaries high. As a clerical drudge, you are wasting your time. We fit you in 3 months to enter this youngest and best paying of the professions. Send for free prospectus.

Address Dept. D. **Chicago College of Advertising, 610 Isabella Bldg., Chicago**

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BY THE

HEEB System

of TEACHING and RECITING PRIVATELY BY MAIL

Art Magazine, Newspaper Work, Caricature, Lettering, Designing, etc. Students enthusiastic. Personal instruction and guidance. Prepares quickly for paying work. Big salaries for our graduates. Experience unnecessary. Oldest, largest, most responsible and most practical school in the world. Incorporated. Write postal to-day for unsolicited testimonials and full particulars.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

16 Penna Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY

(with top $32.50) of very superior **QUALITY, STYLE and DURABILITY**

Entire output of two enormous factories, sold direct to consumer. We mfr. full line Buggies, Carriages, Harness, guarantee all goods, ship on approval.

WE DEFY COMPETITION and SAVE DEALERS' PROFIT

Money back if not satisfied. Send for *Catalogue* and *Special Offer.*

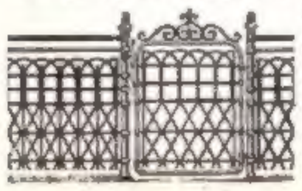
UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 602 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

VACATION WORK

We want an **agent** in every town where there is electric light. The HYLO electric lamp turns down like gas and fits any ordinary socket (no skill required). A great success—more than half a million users already. Students can make money in vacation introducing the HYLO at home. Write at once for **exclusive** territory. Send 2-cent stamp for agent's contract and full details.

THE PHELPS CO., 55 Rowland St., Detroit, Mich.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE



25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries.

Catalogue free.

KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE COMPANY

459 North St.

Kokomo, Indiana

money to buy a postal card, there we stayed, not knowing whether the company would get there or not, but with the full knowledge that we should know in just one week; also, that this one week would be the limit to our credit at the hotel.

As it was still early in the season the weather was quite pleasant, and every morning after breakfast we would rush out of the hotel as if we had a business of great proportions needing our immediate attention. Then we would take to the tall timber in even more than the slangy sense. We really walked out into the woods on the edge of town, where we stayed until noon; then we would rush back to dinner with the same great haste. This game we kept up the entire week. When we needed a shave we went to the outskirts of the city, hunted up some little barber-shop and traded complimentary tickets for the removal of our beards. Cigars and stamps we purchased at the hotel, with a "Just put that on my account." Theatrical people say that as long as one is in good standing with the hotel the clerk will hand one, upon a request for writing material, an abundance of it; but when one is under suspicion he will give one only a single sheet of paper and one envelope. We were at the one-sheet stage. At last our week was up. As we were hurrying out after breakfast the landlord called me to the desk and quietly notified me that our board bill was due. "Oh, that's all right," I said; "the company are coming in on the next train, and the manager will settle it as soon as he gets in." It was not, however, with a very buoyant feeling that we made our way to the depot, the only remark I remember being made by Joe, my companion, who ventured to say, as he looked down the track, "It's a long way to New York if you have to walk."

Where the Laugh Came In

When the train pulled in, seven—only seven—one-half of the company, with sickly smiles and weary steps, got off the train. There was no need of questions. The show had been cut in two, half had gone back to Broadway, the other half, bravely sticking to the sinking ship, were doubling parts. That night the gross receipts were about one-sixth of what we had expected. Our share, sixty dollars, enabled us to pay our hotel bills and get to the next town. There the manager gave me all the cash on hand, three dollars, and I went to Scottdale, Pennsylvania. At this point I borrowed enough money from the hotel clerk, giving him an order on the show, to get to Irwin. Irwin saw me "to the bad" again, for here I was unable to borrow or to reach the manager by wire, and it was again necessary for me to wait until the company caught up with me—and I was supposed to be seven days ahead. From the next stand I kept ahead of Where the Laugh Comes In for over a month by borrowing enough money in one town to get to the next, leaving orders for my hotel bills, puffing up the show here and there, telling of the big hit we made in Pittsburg, and carrying out one grand, gigantic bluff. Even the name of the show seemed a hoodoo. Everywhere I went I heard, as I stepped into the local manager's office, such remarks as "Here's where the laugh comes in," "I wonder where the laugh comes in," and, on account of my being late so often, "At last! Here's where the laugh comes in." Another, which seemed to be a favorite and almost universal remark, was: "I suppose the laugh comes in on the public when they see the show." Being unable to see for myself where the laugh came in, I resigned before they finally closed and joined a magician, one who has since forged to the front and who now stands among the best in the country.

The tour of Magicus the Great lasted two short weeks, and at a little town in Northern Ohio the end came.

I pawned my trunk and bought a ticket for New York and the "Rialto," for one can live in New York when one would starve anywhere else. Apropos of this little experience, it would not do to pass on without a word about Ravenna. This little town is known as the theatrical graveyard in the territory east of the Mississippi River. I almost begged Magicus not to play it, but he insisted upon keeping the date, and thus another company helped to keep the stage name of Ravenna green in the memory of traveling managers.

Shortly after this I received an offer to join, for a trip through Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, "the greatest show on earth," and this I accepted.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of true stories illustrating the vicissitudes and adventures of business life.

A Rare Opportunity

¶ Good Housekeeping has rapidly forged to the front as the best and most practical monthly magazine of its kind. Every line of it breathes earnestness, helpfulness, life, zest. It has subscribers in nearly every city and in every state and territory in the Union, but it is wanted in thousands of homes where it is as yet unknown.

BIG PAY

¶ To introduce Good Housekeeping into new homes we offer exceptional inducements, which we will gladly communicate to all who will co-operate with us in this most praiseworthy undertaking.

For Men and Women Young or Old this is a rare opportunity

¶ The work is easy and dignified, and the compensation greater than is paid by any magazine published. It requires no particular talent or experience, and you can work much or little, just as you please. Regular price, $1 a year—10 cents a copy.

It will pay you to investigate **A postal will bring particulars**

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52 Lafayette Place, New York **204 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

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Most Attractive Designs. Lowest Prices. Free Delivery

Wood Mantels

We are supplying individuals and contractors in every section of the country with the handsomest line of Wood Mantels ever shown. This illustration gives a fair idea of our prices.

Beautiful Oak Mantels, complete with tiles and grate, $13.50 to $150.00. This style, No. 703, quartered oak, piano finish, 7 ft. 4 in. high, 5 ft. wide, French beveled mirror 18 x 40 in., lower columns 4 in., upper columns 3½ in., complete with best tiles and grate, will be delivered free to any station east of the Mississippi River on receipt of $35.00. Freights prorated to other points.

$35.00

Don't buy until you see our handsome Catalogue showing fifty new designs at equally low delivered prices. Sent FREE. Address Department F

C. F. BROWER & CO. **Lexington, Ky.**

PROVE IT MR. BOOKKEEPER

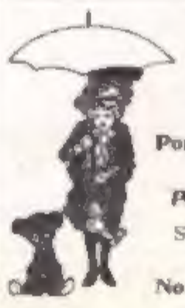
A simple rule of incalculable value to accountants. Proves in a moment the correctness or incorrectness of additions.

Many large firms have paid $25 for this rule.

Every bookkeeper needs it in his business every day.

By Mail, $1.00

ARMSTRONG & CO., 441 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.



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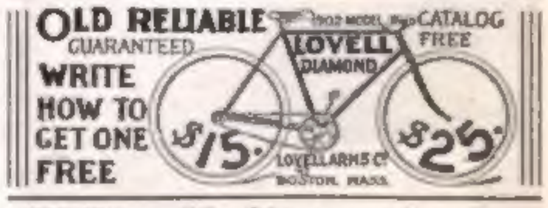
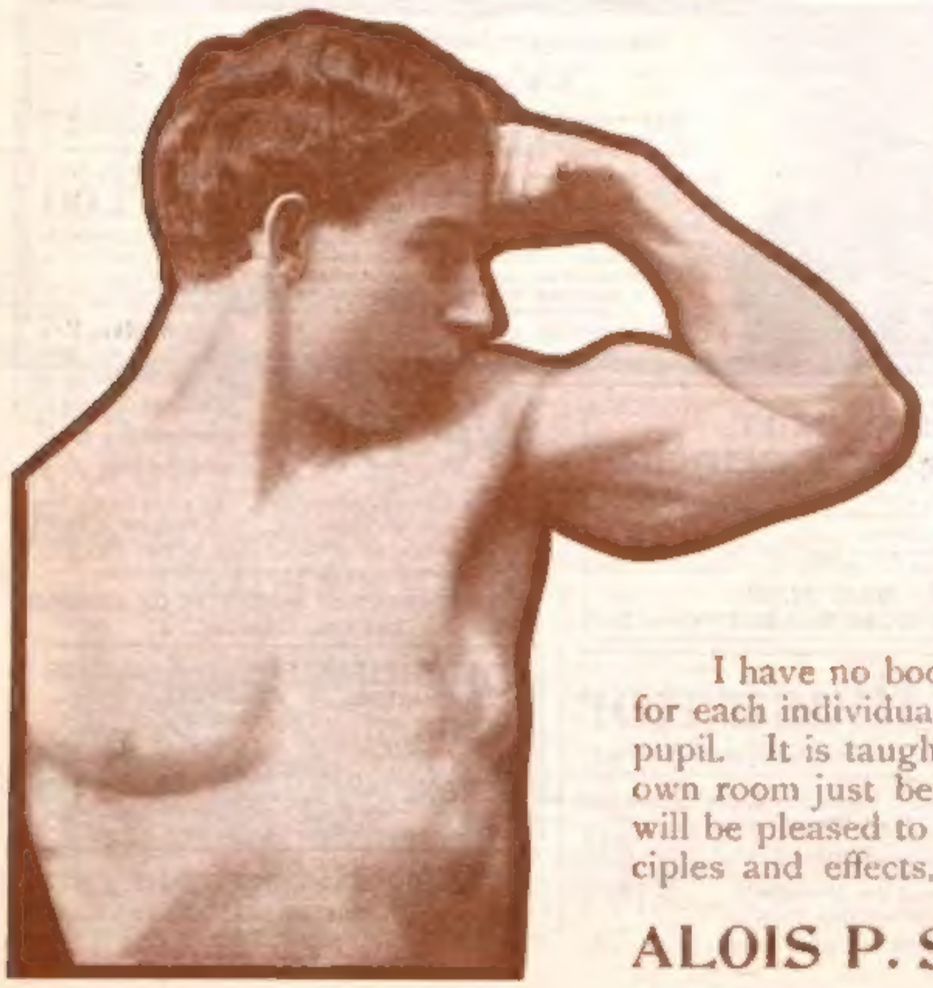
Box 649, Scranton, Pa.



William H. Sherwood Writes:

"I consider the **MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS** the *best* pianos of America."

If you are not convinced from my previous advertising that my system of Physiological Exercise will do all that I claim for it, the fault is in the advertising and not in the system itself.



Since no one neglects Physiological Exercise without paving the way for future trouble, you cannot afford to put this off any longer.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill. ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 16, 1902.

Dear Sir:—After waiting several weeks since completing a course of physiological exercise under your directions, I feel that I am in a position to most heartily endorse your methods, and wish to tell you about the benefits I have already experienced.

I think I wrote you before that I had been a great sufferer for 25 years from indigestion and the usual complications that arise from it. As long as 22 or 23 years ago it was a common thing for me to be obliged to resort to the use of cathartics. I had a position at a desk, writing, in the East and had to give up my position in 1879 on account of extreme nervousness.

I took a long rest, came West, changed my occupation, and by taking extra good care of myself was fairly comfortable for awhile. I became worse again and placed myself under the care of a skillful physician here—he said there was not much for me to do except to go on to a very limited diet. For three years he confined me to three articles of food, viz.: predigested bread, fresh eggs and the best beefsteak, all carefully prepared and well masticated. I improved some under this treatment, but again became worse and could hardly drag myself around. Last winter, a year ago this month, I was taken to a city hospital suffering from nervous prostration.

Nov. 29, 1901, I commenced with your exercises. For months I had been turning it over in my mind how I could get out of business, I was so miserable. I took your course carefully and conscientiously and immediately commenced to improve. I never was better in my life than I am to-day; cathartics are no longer necessary. I work like a good fellow from morning until night and do not tire. I take a walk of four or five miles when I can spare the time—could just as well make it ten if I had the time—and when I am through, feel just like starting out. Am pushing my business with the result that so far this month it shows an increase over the same days last year of over 65 per cent. and I fully expect to double last year's business this year. I can eat and digest anything that is set before me, and while I make my living by selling drugs, I personally have no use for them. If you can use this letter or any part of it as an inducement to some poor sufferer to take your course and be well I shall be glad.

Wishing you success in your good work for the weak and miserable, believe me, your grateful friend,

GEO. C. DAVENPORT, DRUGGIST,
971-973 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, Minn.

My instructions have been of much benefit to Mr. Davenport. Don't you think I could do as much or more for you?

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system of Physiological Exercise is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. You will be pleased to receive the valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils, which I send free upon request.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 502 UNITY BUILDING, CHICAGO